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YE ANCIENTE CHRISTMASSE.

THE keeping of Christmas as it was once kept in "Merrie England" is so rapidly becoming a thing of the past that the story of its customs (as told by Washington Irving and others) reads as ancient history to the present generation. Therefore a reference to the ancient origin of Yule and its time-honored customs will not be wholly unwelcome to the older reader, while it may help the younger to a better conception and appreciation of this most joyous and popular of all our festive seasons. We say "most joyous" because the predominant note of Christmas—which, probably more than any other, is the secret of the popularity which it still retains—is the feeling of "Peace on earth and good will to mankind." As Dickens has said:—

"That man must be a misanthrope indeed in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not aroused, in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened, by the recurrence of Christmas. . . . Who can be insensible to the outpourings of good feeling and the honest interchange of affectionate attachment, which abound at this season of the year? A Christmas family party! We know nothing in nature more delightful! There seems a magic in the very name of Christmas. Petty jealousies and discords are forgotten; social feelings are awakened in bosoms to which they have long been strangers; father and son, brother and sister, who have met and passed with averted gaze, or a look of cold recognition, for months before, proffer and return the cordial embrace, and bury their past animosities in their present happiness; kindly hearts that have yearned toward each other, but have been withheld by false notions of pride and self-dignity, are again reunited, and all is kindness and benevolence."

The Year of Christ's Nativity.

We have thought and spoken of this year as A.D. 1905. But this is not historically correct. Christ was born B.C. 4. Therefore this is the year of grace 1909. In the earliest centuries of the Christian Church, men continued to reckon the years, as their forefathers had done, from the founding of Rome, or A.U.C. (*Anno Urbis Conditae*). And it was not until the sixth century that Dionysius the Little, a monk of Rome, wrote a treatise on the computation of Easter, and first began to change the title of the year from A.U.C. to A.D. without also amending its date. Indeed this omission of four years was not found out until the revival of learning in the sixteenth century. Dionysius had placed the Birth of Christ in A.U.C. 754. But Herod the Great died just before the Passover of the year A.U.C. 750; and we know that he was still ruling when Christ was born.

Moreover, the two passages in the Gospels throw confirmatory light on this correction:—(1) St. Luke (3 : 2) says that John the Baptist came preaching in the fifteenth year of Tiberius (*i. e.*, A.U.C. 780), and that Christ was about thirty years of age when He began His ministry. This fixes the Nativity at A.U.C. 750, and corresponds with the corrected date. (2) St. John (2 : 20) tells us that in the first Passover of Christ's ministry the Jews spoke of the Temple as having been begun forty-six years before. It was begun by Herod in A.U.C. 734. Add forty-six to this and we again get A.U.C. 780,—the same date as St. Luke's.

The Day of Christ's Nativity.

As to the precise day on which Christ was born the learned have long been divided. Some have fixed it at the feast of the Tabernacles; some at the Passover; and others again have observed that, if the shepherds were watching their flocks by night in the fields at the time, the Nativity could hardly have occurred in the depths of winter. However, the 25th of December was observed as the day of the Nativity as early as the middle of the fourth century, for St. Chrysostom tells us that, at the instigation of St. Cyril, Julius caused a strict investigation to be made and came to the conclusion that the 25th of December was the correct

day of our Lord's birth. Certainly it was so observed in the days of Diocletian, for he caused a church in Nicomedia, which was filled on this day with Christians celebrating the Nativity, to be set on fire.

The Ancient Origin of the Christmas Festivity.

According to Seldon's *Table Talk* our Christmas festivity is but the survival of the great Roman festival of the "Saturnalia" held at the same season of the year. And, indeed, in several points do they accord. Not only is there the identity of season, both being toward the close of December, but we find also an identity of duration, both having the same number of holidays (holy days). And until some 300 years ago, the Lords of Misrule or Christmas Princes, who, with their mock court and royalty, formed so essential and prominent a feature in the Old English Christmas festivities, were but the modern representations of that still older custom, when at the Saturnalia the Roman servants were allowed to exchange places with their masters, and the Roman lord waited on his slave. This Roman winter festival was a week given up to revelry and burlesque. Nothing was to be seen but tables spread for feasting; nothing heard but sounds of merriment. All business was suspended, and no one allowed to work but cooks and confectioners. Nothing was to be read or recited which did not provoke mirth adapted to the occasion; and all exertion of mind and body forbidden save such as made for recreation or amusement. The slaves were permitted the utmost freedom of truth and raillery with their masters; even to sitting with them at table, dressing in their clothes, playing tricks upon them, and telling them of their faults. In short, every grotesque humor imaginable and an inverted order of things were indulged in during this short week, which was to repay the many other weeks of the year in which the slave had to be so subservient to his lord. Such was, in the main, the Roman Saturnalia as Horace saw and described it, who, from his love of quiet, retired from the city during this noisy season. Our Christmas is the modern, theirs the ancient Saturnalia.

An old English custom still lingers in a few places which is a striking instance of this. It was long the general rule to allow

the servants and apprentices to lie abed on Christmas morning, and for the mistress and master to get up and attend to the duties of the day. The bellman used to go around in the early hours of Christmas morning and bawl out the greetings of the season. As he marched through the streets, ringing his bell, he cried, "Good-morning, masters and mistresses and all: I wish you a merry Christmas." Then was sung the following rhyme which had reference to the above custom:—

"Arise, mistress, arise,
And make your tarts and pies,
And let your maids lie still;
For if they should rise and spoil your pies,
You'd take it very ill.
Whilst you are sleeping in your bed,
I the cold wintry nights must tread," etc.

It is interesting to note how the Old English Christmas customs show traces of a strange medley of beliefs. First, we have to go back to the times of the pre-Roman occupation, then the Romano-British period, next the Anglo-Saxon, and lastly the Danish. In the last three there was a heathen as well as a Christian phase, so that when the Christmas festival finally emerged in its Christian form it had to deal with two lapses into Paganism after the conversion of the Celts and the establishment of the Celtic Church. We must, consequently, expect to find that there had been a transformation and conversion of customs and beliefs which were originally non-Christian. Elements of truth in the different heathen cults as well as immemorial customs were cleansed and made to serve the higher and diviner purpose and end.

It is instructive to observe, also, how many of our Christian festivals synchronize with old heathen feasts: the Saturnalia with our Christmas; the feast of Apollo (the god of the sun) with Midsummer day (St. John the Baptist); New Year's day with the Feast of the Circumcision; the festival of the goddess Februa (2d of February) with that of the Purification of the B.V.M.; the *Bonna Dea* (the chaste and prophetic Roman deity who revealed her oracles only to females) with the 1st of May (the month of Mary); and the festival of Pomona (the Roman deity of fruits and

trees) with the 1st of November. How are we to account for these coincidences? An eminent theologian has said that "the best rule for setting the meaning of difficult passages in Holy Writ is to always take the simplest meaning of the words, unless there be some obvious reason against it." And the obvious explanation of the concurrence of so many heathen festivals with our Christian religious feasts is to be found in the fact that they were public holidays. Hence, what more likely than that the authorities of the early Christian Church should take their people when they could get them; that the sensible Christians of the early Church chose those days to do honor to their saints when the slaves and freemen were obliged to be at liberty and in which every one had leisure? Many a pagan custom was born of laudable purpose. To salute the New Year with vows of public and private felicity; to ascertain and maintain the inviolable bounds of property; to hail, on the return of spring, the genial powers of generation; to perpetuate the memory of the founding of Rome, and to restore, during the humane license of the Saturnalia, the primitive equality of man,—these were not such atrocious objects after all.

The early Church saw no harm, then, in converting heathen feasts into Christian festivals, and in putting pagan customs to Christian uses. Nor was she without an ancient and sound precedent. In the worship of Isis—which dated back to a period earlier than the entering of the Israelites into Egypt—the women, clothed in linen garments, held a *sistrum* (or rattle) in their right-hand and a mirror in the left. The Israelites having fallen into the idolatries of the country, brought their mirrors out of Egypt with them. In themselves the mirrors were harmless. Moreover, they were made of valuable metal. So instead of ordering that they should be discarded or destroyed, Moses put these very mirrors to a profitable and higher use by having them formed into a brazen laver for the Tabernacle. And God evidently approved of his common sense.

The Derivation of the Word "Yule."

An old name for Christmas was Yule, and many have been the theories as to the origin of this word. Some maintain that it

comes from the Greek, *οὖλος* or *ἴουλος*, the name of a hymn in honor of Ceres (the Demeter of the Greeks), the Roman goddess of Agriculture, and daughter of Saturn. Others contend that it is a contraction of the Latin *Jubilum*, signifying a season of rejoicing. And, as *j* is pronounced like *y* in Latin, we have here a possible origin of the custom, formerly in vogue in the North of England, of the people crying "Ule! Ule!" as a token of rejoicing on Christmas morning. A few hold the opinion that Yule refers to a festival in honor of Julius Cæsar. Others again have thought that the word is synonymous with *ol* or *oel*, which in Gothic denotes a feast, and was also the favorite liquor drunk on such occasions; hence our word "ale." But the most probable derivation is that "Yule" is the Gothic *giul* or *hiul*—the origin of our word "wheel," and bearing the same significance. The *Juel Fesi* was the midwinter "Wheel Feast," and the wheel represented the circling years which end but to begin again. Two facts lend confirmatory color to this being the correct etymology. First, as Christmas comes at the winter solstice—the turning point in the "wheel" of the natural year, when the sun enters upon his northern journey, and begins a fresh revolution in his annual circuit—we find that the device for marking Yule-tide in the old Clog Almanacs was a wheel. Secondly, the "Yule Clog," or "Yule Log" (as we now term it), was the wheel-shaped log, in front of which was roasted the great boar. Clog Almanacs were primitive calendars made of square blocks of wood or bone, with notches cut around equal in number to the days of the year, and with some signifying device opposite each remarkable or important day. In Scandinavia it was called a "Runic Staff," because of the Runic characters used in its numerical notation, and appears to have been long rather than square in shape.

In pre-Christian England, the summer and winter solstices were times of great observance and were celebrated by the lighting of fires. Here mark the beautiful agreement of our Christian festival of St. John the Baptist with that of the heathen feast of the summer solstice, and that of Christmas with the winter solstice. Beyond that of our Lord, St. John the Baptist's Nativity is the only one the Church celebrates. He was "a burning and shining light," but even he "must decrease." So his

festival is observed on Midsummer day, the summer solstice, when the sun is at its zenith, but also when it enters upon its southern or declining journey and the days begin to decrease. The Nativity of Christ is celebrated at the winter solstice. Did not St. John the Baptist say of Him: "He must increase, but I must decrease"? So the festival of Christmas comes when the "fiery orb of day" enters upon his northern or ascending circuit and the days begin to increase.

How strange it now seems that the keeping of Christmas was once an offence against the laws of England. Yet such was the case during the Commonwealth. For the celebration of ancient holidays was forbidden; and, instead, the last Wednesday in each month was to be observed as a solemn "fast." In 1644, Christmas day fell on the last Wednesday in the year, and an order went forth that the day was to be kept as a "fast." The proclamation provoked great resentment. To be ordered "fasting" instead of feasting on Christmas day was a state of affairs not to be readily tolerated, and not a few riots were the result. Again, attempts were made to stop all "decorations." Yet in the very shadow of the building where Cromwell's Parliament passed its laws against the ancient and festive observance of Christmas, those very laws were defied. And at St. Margaret's, Westminster, not only was a sermon preached, but the church was decorated with evergreens. In the third place, no church-bells were to be rung. In mediæval days bell-ringing was a prime element in festive celebrations, especially at Christmas.

> "And well our Christian sires of old
> Loved when the year its course had roll'd
> And brought blithe Christmas back again,
> With all its hospitable train.
> Domestic and religious rite
> Gave honor to the holy night:
> On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
> On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung;
> That only night in all the year
> Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear."

In fact by the fondness of the English people for ringing their bells, England earned the title, in the Middle Ages, of "the ring-

ing island." During the Commonwealth, however, in place of the merry peals which formerly welcomed Christmas from every tower and steeple in the land, the crier passed along the silent streets ringing his harsh-sounding bell and proclaiming in monotonous voice: "No Christmas! No Christmas!"

Under the Commonwealth, the "Masques" which had, at Christmas, been so popular in the mansions of the nobility and country gentry, were forbidden. The theatres were closed, and the actors who dared to disobey were whipped at the cart's-tail, while the spectators were fined. And preaching in churches was prohibited; but there were always some ready to set at defiance the laws of the pseudo-parliament. In not a few cases the country gentlemen guarded the doors of the church while the forbidden services were held. In the diary of Sir John Evelyn occurs this entry: "Christmas Day. No sermon anywhere, no church being permitted to be open, so observed it at home." And there is a similar entry for December 25, 1654.

The following is an extract from a poem written at the time of the Commonwealth:—

"All plums the prophets' sons deny,
And spice broths are too hot;
Treason's in a December pie,
And death is in the pot.

Christmas, farewell! thy days, I fear,
And merry days are done;
So they may keep feast all the year,
Our Saviour shall have none."

Referring to the Restoration of the monarchy, and contrasting it with the Protectorate period, *Poor Robin's Almanack*, 1685, says:—

"Now thanks to God for Charles' return,
Whose absence made old Christmas mourn;
For then we scarcely did it know,
Whether it Christmas were or no.
. . . . . .
To feast the poor was counted sin,
When treason that great praise did win.
May we ne'er see the like again,
The roguish Rump should o'er us reign."

Christmas Eve.

It is 1909 years since the first Christmas carol, the *Gloria in excelsis*, was chanted above the fields of Bethlehem, and the Christmas story first fell on mortal ears. No incident of the Christmas-history has so taken hold of the devout imagination of Christendom as this. No wonder then that Christmas carols have retained so lasting a popularity. A Christmas without its carols we cannot imagine. How true to the feeling of the season is the derivation of the word "carol"—*cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, interjection of joy. And how natural, as fitting the popularity of Christmas carols, when we discern in them the reflected joy and praise which are the atmosphere of heaven, as expressed by that angel-chant on the first Christmas eve. Many a custom and many a legend has grown around the vigil of the Nativity. Let us glance at a few.

With our ancestors, Christmas Eve was the "Mother Night;" the time at which the year, as well as the Lord of the year, was born. On this night the Yule Clog (log) had to be lighted by the "brand" (or unburnt portion) saved from the Yule log of the previous year; the safe keeping of which was regarded as a security against fire during the year. May we not here see the passing from the oldest "Earth-worship" to the next oldest "Hearth-worship"?

It was customary, at any rate in the North of England, to toll the church bell, as for a funeral, on Christmas eve. This was called the "Devil's knell." The custom originated in the belief that the devil died when Christ was born: "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head."

The pretty and touching custom prevailed of hanging a sheaf of corn outside the church porch on Christmas eve. This may have been prompted by a sense of gratitude to the birds, arising from an old Saxon belief. Our Saxon forefathers were very superstitious. They had many pretenders to witchcraft. They believed in the powers of philtres and spells and invocated spirits. They confided in prognostics, and believed in the influence of particular times and seasons. And at Christmastide they derived peculiar pleasure from their belief in the immunity of the season

from malign influences,—a belief which descended to Elizabethan days, and is referred to by Shakespeare, in *Hamlet*:—

> "Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
> And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

This sheaf was called the "bird's sheaf." And whatever may have been the origin of the custom, it was a beautiful idea; so in keeping with the true spirit of the season, and teaching that this feeling should at so inclement a season of the year be extended even to our feathered friends as well as to mankind,—that the winged creation should be a sharer in our Christmas joy and plenty, since the same God—whose birth at this season we so joyfully commemorate—is the Maker of all.

There was another observance which to within quite recent times was generally prevalent throughout England. This was "Wassailing the appletrees." On Christmas eve the farmer left his warm fireside and, accompanied by his farm-servants and family, proceeded to the orchard. Here they poured libations of ale or cider upon the fruitful trees and offered up an invocation in the following quaint doggerel rhyme:—

> "Stand fast root, bear well top,
> Please God send us a good howling crop.
> Every twig, apples big;
> Every bough, apples enow.
> Hats full, caps full,
> Full quarters, sacks full."

A superstition long prevailed in the west of England that at midnight of Christmas eve the oxen in the stalls were always found on their knees—as in the attitude of devotion—but that since the alteration in the calendar from the old style to the new they continued to do this only on the eve of Old Christmas day. Brand, writing in the middle of the last century, tells us that this belief was held even then in Devonshire.

Christmas Day.

One of the good old names for Christmas was, throughout the Western Church, that of the "Feast of Lights." And a traveller from the Continent of Europe who visited England in the fifteenth century, was so struck with the festal glow of the English homes and churches at Christmas that he called it the "Land of Light." Père Cyprian says that Christmas was observed in England, especially at the king's palaces, with greater ceremony than in any other realm in Europe. This may have been due, partly, to a desire to correct the natural gloom and comparative dulness of the English climate, especially at this season of the year. But we prefer to think that this old custom of *lights* at Christmas had a reference to the beautiful teaching peculiar to this season of the year—the doctrine of the Incarnation of Him who is alike the "Light of Light" and "Light of the World"!

Again! In every house an indispensable on Christmas day was the Yule candle. This was to be of a particular make and size. For, being lighted the first thing on Christmas morning, it had to continue burning until the close of the day; else it portended bad luck to the family during the ensuing year. It has been thought that this Yule candle had its origin in the custom of relighting the fire in each house at the winter solstice from the ever-burning village fire. If this be so, how readily the pre-Christian practice lent itself upon which to graft the Christian observance,—the celebration of the Nativity of the Light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." But it may also be asked whether the belief in the necessity for the Yule candle, burning without intermission, had any connection with the teaching of the never-failing sanctuary-lamps in Catholic churches.

Among the sweetmeats peculiar to Christmas are the Yule doughs or Yule babies, still given to children in the North of England. They are flat cakes made of dough, about the size of a hand, and roughly shaped in the form of a woman with her arms crossed over the breast. The features are crudely suggested by means of currants. And, in the arms of the woman a smaller figure representing a child is embraced. The whole has reference, without doubt, to Our Lady and the Infant Christ. At St.

Alban's these sweetmeats are still in vogue, but go by the name of "Pop Ladies." May not this be a later development—or even another form—of that other custom (now obsolete) when a box representing a cradle, decorated with ribbons, surrounded with flowers and apples, containing two dolls representing the Virgin Mother and Infant Christ, and covered with a white cloth, was carried from door to door on the arms of a woman, who, on reaching a house, uncovered the box and sang the carol known as the "Seven Joys of the Virgin."

No allusion to Christmas would be complete without a reference to the Christmas tree. With its accompaniments, it is as full of symbol and pregnant meaning as it is of instruction. Its birthplace is Egypt. The tree there used was the palm, and the ceremony was in full force long before the days of Antony and Cleopatra. The palm tree puts forth a fresh shoot every month, and was therefore regarded as an emblem of the year. When parties were given at the winter solstice in ancient Misraim a spray of the palm with twelve shoots was suspended to symbolize the completion of another year. The custom passed into Italy, where the fir tree was employed, and its pyramidal tips decorated with burning candles in honor of Saturn. The Christmas tree, such as we now see it, with its pendant toys and manikins, is distinctly portrayed in a single line of Virgil's Georgics, II, 389. And Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities* gives an engraving from an ancient gem representing a tree with four "oscilla" hung upon its branches. In time the custom of the Christmas tree passed into Germany, as may be seen by the pyramids which have sometimes been substituted there for the tree. The Germans identify the Christmas tree with the apostolic labors of St. Maternus, one of the earliest if not the very first of the preachers of the Gospel among them. They have a legend about him sleeping under a fir tree and of a miracle that occurred on the occasion. The Christmas tree as we know it was only introduced from Germany about 1820–30. Mr. Baring Gould thinks it a survival of the pagan *Yzdrasil*, or world tree. But Dom H. P. Feasy, O.S.B., F.S.A., believes it can be traced back to the "Tree of Life" in the terrestrial Paradise, and, with a connecting link in the "Tree of Calvary," brought onwards to the great "Life Tree" growing

beside the waters in the Heavenly Jerusalem. Anyway, traces of it can be found in almost every country in the world, in every faith, and in every nation.

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THE MOTHER AND THE TEACHER.

THE first step toward any intelligent treatment of the child as we find him is a full understanding of the ideal child under ideal conditions. If there were any way in which we could discover what tendencies the child inherited from his ancestors and the relative strength of these tendencies; and if in addition to this knowledge we possessed complete control of his social and physical environment, it would be a comparatively easy matter to develop him along the lines laid down in my previous article on the Quality of Culture. But there are many *ifs* here. There are evidently many conditions which cannot be fulfilled. But even while we may not find the ideal child, and while neither parent nor teacher may know the exact inherited tendencies of the actual child, nor may have anything like complete control of his environment, nevertheless the first step toward any intelligent treatment of the child as we find him is an understanding of the ideal child under ideal conditions.

In guiding the development of the child the teacher is confronted with many difficulties which do not stand in the way of the mother. In the first place, the mother should be in a far better position than the teacher to understand the child's physical inheritance. Her intimate knowledge of herself and of her husband should be no inconsiderable aid to an understanding of the child's inherited tendencies. But of course the child inherits traits and tendencies which are not visible in its immediate parents. Every one who has given any study to the problems of heredity is familiar with the fact that the child is apt to inherit many tendencies from a comparatively remote ancestry. The mother is frequently in complete ignorance of the traits which characterized the childhood of her own and of her husband's ancestors. Nevertheless, the wise mother who is anxious to guide the development

of her child intelligently will lose no opportunity of acquainting herself with every detail of her own and of her husband's family history.

The mother has a second and a very great advantage over the teacher in this, that the child comes into her care before environment has wrought any change in him; whereas he has been subjected during several years of the most plastic period of his life to environmental influences of various kinds before he comes into the hands of the teacher.

It is frequently within the mother's power to modify and control to a very great extent the environmental influences to which the young child is subjected, and even where the mother is unable to control these environmental influences she may at least know their nature, and she should take account of their effect on the child. On the other hand, it is very difficult, if not altogether impossible, for the teacher to gain a complete understanding of the environmental influences which operated on the child during all those critical years which precede school life.

The mother has another great advantage over the teacher in the deep, strong mother-love for her child with which nature has endowed her and in the corresponding love of the child for his mother. Of course the teacher should love the child, and she should be able to win his love in return; but her love in this case is hardly an instinct, it must proceed from high motives and from the depths of a noble character.

In addition to these great advantages possessed by the mother, she has other advantages of scarcely less importance. Frequently the teacher has to deal with forty or fifty children who differ widely from each other in many ways; whereas the mother deals with each child separately. Moreover, the child comes under the care of the teacher only during a short period of five days out of seven, and of nine months out of twelve; whereas he is under the mother's control during the rest of the time. Nor must we lose sight of the fact that as the child passes from grade to grade he falls into the hands of a teacher who is utterly unacquainted with him. The few months during which he remains under the influence of any one teacher leave scarcely more than sufficient time for the teacher to become thoroughly acquainted with him.

From considerations like these the futility of all attempts on the part of the mother to shift to the teacher any large share of the responsibility for the development of the child's character is immediately apparent. The mother, by an inviolable decree of nature, is constituted the chief guide and teacher of the child. To the teacher is delegated a part of the mother's duty toward the child, and this part has more to do with the intellectual side of his life than with the formation of his character. The formation and development of the child's character depends upon the mother almost as completely as does the formation of his physical life.

We are not forgetting the father in all this, but, owing to the conditions which at present obtain in our economic world, the father sees very little of the child during all those important years which precede the school period. His influence in this period of the child's development must be exerted chiefly through the mother. As the children grow up toward adolescence, however, the father's influence becomes greater and more far-reaching ; and the latter years of youth are apt to be profoundly modified by the father's influence and example.

The supreme importance of the mother's function in forming the character of her children demands that the mother instinct be supplemented by adequate training. The absence of such training in our schools may be partially supplied by suitable literature, by occasional lectures on the more important phases of the subject, and by properly conducted mothers' clubs and school unions.

The task before the teacher is indeed exceedingly difficult. A mere catalogue of the virtues and qualifications requisite for the discharge of her duties might well make anyone pause before accepting such responsibility.

The teacher in the kindergarten and in the primary grades should, of course, be a woman. A man is as much out of place here as in a nursery. It is well that the pupil should come under the influence of male teachers during a portion of his school life, but whatever may be said of the proportion of male and female teachers which should obtain in the grammar grades and in the high school and college, there can be no question whatever of the exclusive fitness of woman to deal with early childhood.

During her own school life the teacher is provided with the fund of knowledge which it is desired that she should impart to the children committed to her care. Her academic career and her qualifying examinations give both the teacher herself and the public at large guarantee of her fitness in this respect; but, after all, this is a very small part of the equipment necessary for the worthy discharge of her duties.

Society has very little control over the selection of the mothers of the future citizens, but society can and does exercise control in the selection of the teachers to whom it commits the education of the children.

The mother must at times exercise a high degree of self-control in dealing with the few children which God has committed to her care if she would avoid injuring them permanently. In this task she is aided by the instincts of motherhood, which are the strongest in human nature. The teacher's task in this respect is infinitely more difficult. She must at times deal with fifty or sixty children who differ from each other in a thousand ways and many of whom have been utterly spoiled through the ignorance or neglect of parents; but notwithstanding this fact, and in the face of all the difficulties that may arise, she must retain perfect self-control if she would avoid injuring not only the culprit, but all the children in the room.

When the mother is nervous or indisposed she can usually avoid coming into contact for a time at least with the children. She may send them out to play or commit them for a short time to the care of others. But the teacher has no such freedom. No matter how indisposed she may feel she must keep it from appearing on the surface and meet the children with the same sweet and gentle bearing.

If the teacher would understand the children committed to her care so as to work for them intelligently she must rapidly cultivate the acquaintance of forty or fifty strange children at the beginning of each school year. She must strive to master as rapidly as possible at least the leading features of the physical inheritance of each child. In this difficult task she frequently receives but little aid from those who should be best qualified to help her. She must acquaint herself as rapidly as possible with

the influences of the physical and social environment which have played, and which are still playing, such an important rôle in the formation of the children's characters.

When these tasks have been accomplished she will find herself confronted with forty or fifty children that are not only very unlike each other, but in the lives of whom are operating many tendencies that are making them more and more unlike as the days proceed. The necessity of the circumstances is constantly driving her to apply uniform methods to all the children, while her intelligence is making it more and more evident that no two of the children committed to her care should receive the same treatment. The treatment which would be the very best for one child will often be the very worst for another.

Without going into further details the difficulties of the task imposed upon the teacher must be evident to all. It is, therefore, the obvious duty of society to lighten the teacher's burden in every possible way. And after all shall have been done that can be done in this direction, the teacher's burden will still be such as to require a veritable heroine to bear it. In the performance of this difficult task it must be remembered that the teacher is not aided by the deep instincts that help the mother in the discharge of her duty; neither can the work of the true teacher any more flow from a mercenary heart than could the music of a Beethoven or a Wagner, or the canvasses of a Raphael or an Angelo. It is true that the teacher should be filled with enthusiasm for her lofty vocation, but society owes it to itself, as well as to the teacher, to see to it that she is surrounded by proper conditions and given every possible help.

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THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

XVII.

WE know that our religion is true because it fosters in us the true life, the life of Christ, the spirit of charity. We turn to our Lord Himself, as He still lives for us in the Gospels, to study that life in its highest and most classical manifestation; and

we shall find that charity is neither "Sentimentality," nor "Mysticality," nor "Practicality," but the ideal of Perfect Manhood in its fullest and richest development.

The perfection of manhood is the perfection of a spiritual being made to be the mirror of the Divine perfection. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father. How then sayest thou: Show us the Father?" From the very nature and necessity of our thought we can only "realize" and deal with a spirit like, but indefinitely more perfect than, our own. We *know* that God is infinitely more than this; but for us that "more," that surplus, is an outer darkness. Christ's perfect humanity has revealed to us as much of the Father as we can ever imaginatively "realize," love, or deal with; He has translated the divine life into terms of human life: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." We know now by revelation (for Christ *is* that revelation) that all which is best in man, and immeasurably more, is found in God.

> So through the thunder comes a human voice
> Saying: O heart I made, a heart beats here!
> Face My hands fashioned, see it in Myself!
> Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of Mine,
> But Love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
> And thou must love Me who have died for thee.

For all practical purposes of life and religion, our God is in human form, and that form is primarily the form of Christ; secondarily and dependently, that of His brethren of all ages and nations. Through Him "we have access to the Father;" "No man cometh to the Father but by Me."

To-day a revolt from Christianity has raised up a new standard, a new ideal,—the *Uebermensch*, the Superman or "More-than-man." Let us look patiently and sympathetically at this new doctrine and see whether it may not contain, as every heresy does, some perversion of a too long neglected truth, some angry reaction against excesses in a contrary direction, against perversions of the Christian ideal of perfect manhood for which Christians are in some measure responsible.

It has recently been contended[1] that the only type of manhood which now commands respect in Western civilization, or

[1] "Christian, Greek, or Goth?" by H. Garrod: the *Hibbert Journal*, April, 1905.

lives effectually as a goal of moral endeavor and a potent factor of progress, is neither Christian nor Greek, but "Gothic." It is not the Saint with his mystical other-worldliness, his womanish tenderness, patience, and compassion; his asceticism and mortification; nor is it the "phronimos" with his absolute reasonableness, his cold statuesque perfection of conduct; but it is the military or "Gothic" type with its ideal of chivalry and honor as the great duty of man. The others still linger on men's lips; this alone rules in their hearts. So far as there is truth in the contention, it points to the fact that the Christian type is either misapprehended or misrepresented, or both; for the true ideal of perfect manhood is a salt, a moral and social antiseptic, that can never possibly lose its savor or fail to appeal strongly to the taste and appetite of the healthiest and most vigorous. It shows that the prevalent notion of Christliness is out of touch with life in some way or another.

It is to a revolt of Nietzsche against his former guide and master Schopenhauer, that we owe this new fetich-ideal of the "More-than-man," more kin to the "Gothic" than to the Greek or Christian type. Schopenhauer's pessimism, his conviction of the total and irremediable badness of life, made him the violent foe of Jewish optimism, and even of Christianity so far as it was saturated with Judaism. It threw him into sympathy with Buddhism, with its antagonism to that "will to live" which is the cause of all the sorrow and suffering entailed by the struggle for existence and by the impulse of self-assertion, self-preservation, self-propagation. Obviously the whole inspiration of this sad decadent philosophy is sympathy with the pain of the entire sentient world, a pain that preponderates immeasurably over the meagre sum of pleasures in the opposite scale. If Christ had the merit of being in sympathy with all this pain, yet He was no pessimist; for He taught that this sorrow might be turned into joy, that it was "light and momentary compared with the weight of glory to be revealed." Schopenhauer accepted Christ's condemnation of the present world as hopelessly wretched; and welcomed the great example of pity and sympathy and world-flight; but with His doctrine of Hope he would have nothing to do.

However innocuous in the motionless East, the decadent and demoralizing tendencies of this pessimism in our progressive

Western civilization soon made themselves felt to healthier and more vigorous instincts than Schopenhauer's. With Nietzsche the reaction became vocal. Away with this puling pessimism and its corollary of enervating pity! Back, not to Judaism, but to a frankly pagan belief in the worth of what this life has to offer, a belief destroyed by sickly over-reflection, by mystical peerings through the clouds into dream-land. Let us take life simply as unquestioning children take it, as it was taken in the childhood of humanity. Let us trust in the rude self-asserting instincts of unsophisticated Nature. She knows what she is about. Through the struggle of each for himself, through the survival of the strongest, the elimination of the weakest, she has shaped the beast into the man; let her alone and she will shape the man into the More-than-man. Pity for the feeble and maimed only weakens them and weakens ourselves, it multiplies the image of suffering by a series of mirrors and gives it an intensity and importance of which healthy savages know nothing. Still more, all the energy, thought, and time that go to the service of compassion are worse than wasted; they but secure the survival and multiplication of those whom Nature's kind ruthlessness would eliminate, and do so at the expense, and to the exclusion, of the hardier type. It is to self-worship that we owe the heroes, the strong men, the strong peoples, of history: to the instinct that bids a man give the fullest possible play to all his energies, and forbids him to emasculate or mortify his manhood in any way; or stand aside to let the weaker pass. Away with the Saint and his otherworld; with the "phronimos" and his pedantry of virtue and self-restraint, and let the Strong Man come to the front once more. Christianity with its semi-pessimism and its gospel of indiscriminate, short-sighted pity has but thwarted Nature, wiser and kinder by far, in her task of shaping the man into the More-than-man. As for Schopenhauer, he has but accentuated what is worst in Christianity and tried to find for it a philosophical basis.

It is plain that this More-than-man is somewhat of the "Gothic" and military type; that he is a spiritual descendant of the hordes of Northern barbarians who swept down on the effete Roman empire, and to whose fresh vigor, innocent alike of Greek ethics and of Christian saintliness, our European civilization largely

owes its birth and progress. Needless to say that this Superman might be more properly called the Superbrute; that he competes on just the same plane of merely psychic, selfish existence as other animals, although through the development of his reason he has left all competitors behind.

This ideal has been easily and freely criticized. It is easy to show that the self-giving as well as the self-seeking instincts are essential to the survival of species; that brutal unmitigated egotism is a principle of decadence and deterioration; that competition obtains only in regard to material goods of limited divisible quantity, and to the conditions of merely animal life; that violence is not strength; that society is the condition of individuality; that the social instinct is the complement of the individual instinct; and so forth.

But it is far more important to recognize the confused gropings after a better conception of perfect manhood; the revolt against an exaggerated pessimism which excludes all possibility of God's Will being done on earth as it is in heaven; the revolt against a transcendental mysticism that finds the theatre of man's highest life only in the clouds; against a sentimental enervating pity that views pain and sorrow as the sovereign unmitigated evil, and fosters a blind self-defeating "indiscriminate charity;" against the confusion of gentleness with softness, of meekness with weakness; against an overstraining of the "organic" idea of Society and against kindred theories of government and authority, socialistic or absolutist, which are fatal to the growth of personality and to the truly Christian principle of individual dignity. We should sympathize with the scorn of contented mediocrity, of the average and paltry; with the feeling that in some sense a man should "be himself" and not the creature of servile imitation and conformity; with the aspiration after the "strong man," the hero, the More-than-man, whose production is the goal of all moral endeavor. For all his monstrosity, the Superman is largely built up of, and lives by, certain too neglected elements of the Christian ideal of perfect manhood. He represents a revolt, although an excessive and indiscriminate revolt, against false mysticism and false sentiment. He moves at once away from and nearer to Christ in the same circle or orbit. The ideal is not all of iron

or earth, and whatever admixture of heavenly gold it may possess we have a right to seek the same pure and unalloyed in the ideal manhood of Christ.

XVIII.

That by which man is man, is the spirit; distinctively human life is spirit-life. Man is a spirit; and to make God intelligible to man, in the highest terms known to man, revelation tells us "God is a spirit." Man's best life is a divine life, an imitation of God's life so far as we can realize or comprehend it: "Be ye therefore perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." As before, we leave aside the metaphysical problem of the relation of the Divine Being to our own, of sameness and otherness, and speak simply of those manifestations of the spirit of which man's soul is the theatre, though God is also their author in some mysterious way.

There is another life in man which is not spiritual but psychic, or even animal; subservient to the higher; a lower stage through which he has to pass; to which he ever relapses when he ceases to struggle upward. Of this life the Superman is the highest and most heroic development. Let us remember that it is not nothing because it is not all; that it does not—because it is evil as an end—cease to be good and useful as a means, a divinely ordained means. Manichean exaggerations that have crept into our piety and falsified our asceticism, "forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats," are partly answerable for the appearance of the Superman. The Gospel forbids sovereign solicitude, not moderated care, for the psychic life. The self-regarding instincts are its governing motive power. In its absolute purity it exists nowhere in man. Even in the worst of us the Spirit intervenes at times and subordinates the lower life to the higher, sacrificing, or wishing to sacrifice, the interests of the separate Self to those of objective Truth and Right, to the interests of God and of the Spirit. There is "honor among thieves;" nor is the disinterested sense of Justice for others ever wholly extinguished. Rightly interpreted, this is a sense of union with God, a sense that the universal interests of the Divine Will are also our own deepest and truest interests, to which our separate interests should give way. This is Conscience, and Conscience sleeps but

never dies; it is a "worm that dieth not and a fire that is not quenched."

To the vigor of the psychic life of self-love we owe large results of human development, individual and social,—results that in many ways simulate and prophetically foreshadow those of the spirit-life. It has developed a love of truth as an instrument of life; of that knowledge which is power; an esteem of right and justice as conditions of social progress; an esteem of fine arts as a means of subjective enjoyment. It is the struggle for existence, for enjoyment, for personal advantages of all kinds that has made man work hard and has sharpened his wits and has taught him the useful arts and has discovered for him the secrets of nature; it is a provident self-interest that has taught him the value of association with others and that he must give and serve if he would get and be served. In societies where commerce and competition are rampant and spiritual influences largely discredited, we can see very fairly what wonderful, if not very admirable, results are produced by the psychic life. Such societies tend to realize the Gospel idea of a "Kingdom of this World," a "Kingdom of Satan," whose children are wiser in their generation than the children of light—naturally enough; for the lower and older forms of life are deeper-rooted than the newer and higher.

Yet for all its possible abuses, the psychic life is for man the condition of the spiritual; he needs the meat that perisheth as well as the meat that endureth. It is the quest for the former that has raised him to a level in which his need of the latter has made itself definitely felt. The blind instinct of self-love, of regard for this separate organism destined to be the theatre or instrument of the spirit-life, is therefore from God; a rule and guide but not a sovereign rule; good as a servant, bad as a master.

However indefinitely the psychic life may be developed above the level of animalism or savagery through man's superior mentality and power of self-control which can be pressed into the service of egoism, yet its fundamental character remains unchanged; it is the life of one atom among an infinite multitude, of one moment in limitless time; of a mere point that would make itself the universe, relating all to itself; and yet whose insignificance is simply immeasurable.

It is with Conscience in the widest acceptation—moral, intellectual, and æsthetic Conscience—that the Spirit-life begins; with the sense of universal, imperative interests to which those of one's separate self must be wholly subordinate, interests which are identically the same for every spiritual being; with the sense that we are or ought to be, before all else, instruments of the Divine Will, manifestations of the Divine Life, finding thereby our true, abiding, immeasurable, significance and dignity. Of this "over-individual" life of disinterested devotion to divine ends it is said: "I live, yet not I [the separate Self], but Christ [the spiritual Self] liveth in Me," or again: "I in them and Thou in Me." Yet if it is a divine life it is also that life by which man is man; or, if we choose to call the psychic life "human" and "natural" in an unfavorable sense, the spirit-life is the life by which man becomes "Superman" and puts on the likeness of God. It is moreover a supernatural life to which the psychic or "natural" man cannot attain by his own methods or motives. All he can do is to learn his own limits, the futility of his ends and desires, to dash himself despairingly against the barriers that shut him in. He can rise to the sense of a Beyond and the need of a Beyond; but to believe in it, to live for it firmly and prevalently, he cannot. This is something which must be given to him; for which he is as dependent on Providence as he is for the bread that perisheth; for the rain and the sunshine and other conditions without which all his husbandry were in vain.

And if our science is so slow to understand, to arrange, classify and connect, the fragments of that world which is given to our outer senses, and to which our organic, psychic self belongs, is it wonderful that our understanding should be infinitely slower to piece together those experiences that are given it from within; especially, since the nature of language requires that they should be expressed in terms and symbols drawn from the world of sense? Is it wonderful that the spirit-life should be so essentially mysterious and full of seeming contradictions, and that to determine the relations of the spirit to God should be as difficult as to define the spirit or to define God? If then the true Superman is necessarily the spiritual man, it is vain to look for him in any development however vigorous of the psychic life. His type is

not to be sought in the first or psychic Adam "of the earth earthy" but in the second Adam who is "the Lord from Heaven."

XIX.

True devotion to Christ means believing in Him, heart and soul, as the true life, the divine type of manhood; it means sameness of spirit, identity of interest, unity of aim, conformity of action; it means the only kind of sympathy and discipleship which He supremely desires and values: "Weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and your children"—that is, weep not *for* Me; but *with* Me; weep for that divine cause for which I live and die; for Me, only as for the embodiment of that cause. To reproduce His spirit in us is the sole end, justification, and criterion of the Catholic Church and all her institutions and teachings—to make us More-than-men, Sons of God;—an elementary truth, but, just for that reason, easily obscured and confused.

Looking then to the archetype of perfect manhood as portrayed in the Gospels we find a spirit free from every blemish of "Sentimentality," "Mysticality" or "Practicality," yet, in its simplicity, embracing and overpassing the excellences which these exaggerate and violently tear asunder.

Certainly, the first and most obvious impression is that of a loving personality, full of sweetness, tenderness, and compassion, entering readily into all the joys and sorrows of those around. As contrasted with the austerity and asceticism of the Baptist, He presents Himself as one who comes eating and drinking, the friend of publicans and sinners, a Bridegroom whose presence diffuses joy on all sides, and forbids fasting and mourning. He is one who delights to be with the children of men, rather than alone in the desert; one who embraces little children and is at home with the birds of the air and the lilies of the field, who wanders happy and improvident among the hedgerows and the cornfields; one who sees a Heavenly Father's love in the rain and the sunshine and in all that happens; one who squanders compassion and forgiveness on all around, merciless only to the merciless; to all others merciful and indulgent on the sole condition that they too shall be merciful and indulgent.

This plainly is the temper of one whose own heart overflows

with love and tenderness. With such, feeling is apt to assume the reins of spiritual government to the prejudice of insight and action. The subjective satisfaction becomes an end in itself; the appetite for the luxury of emotion grows strong and tyrannical by indulgence. Feelings, we have already shown, are false or true according to the implicit judgments which they embody. When they are thus fostered for their own sake, they necessarily become false and lose touch with reality. They need to be continually clarified by intelligence, solidified by action. Those to whom a sentimental Christ is congenial dwell too exclusively on the lineaments just indicated. For the rest they find the Gospels "dry" and needing to be supplemented by pious imagination. Their Christ and, by consequence, their God, is apt to become wholly emasculate, void of all ethical vigor, of all mystical depth, the apotheosis of universal amiability and indiscriminate indulgence. The religion which worships such an ideal is of necessity decadent and feeble; and is characterized by a whittling-away of the substance of the moral law, and by a stagnation of all intelligent interest in the mysteries of God.

But if we look more closely at the Gospel portrait, we soon realize the utter superficiality of the sentimentalist's impression. We find that Love there presented to us is the fruit of deep vision; that it is fed from the very foundations of truth to which its roots reach down; that if Christ is tender it is because He is true; that if He is merciful it is because He is just and because so often the gentler judgment is the more just, the harsher judgment the more narrow and irrational. We find that He can also be severe and unyielding, just because His love is long-sighted, a strength and not a weakness. Moreover, it is a love that does not rest in and feed on itself; it is an energy, an enthusiasm that embodies itself in will and action; in labor and suffering on behalf of Righteousness and Truth, on behalf of the Kingdom of God in the soul of man.

To other eyes the Gospel presents the figure mainly of a mystic and ascetic. They find one to whom this world was little more than an idle dream on the point of vanishing for ever in the already breaking dawn of eternity; one who lived solely in and for the mysterious Beyond; whose message was: "Repent, for

the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand;" one whose doctrine of self-denial and renunciation was largely based on a sense of the speedy evanescence of all temporal and earthly values. Still more does He come before them in the writings of St. John and St. Paul as one impregnated with the sense of eternal realities, for whom the fleshly veil has grown transparent; who descends to earth by an effort, but rises naturally to Heaven; who lives in the presence and by the light of Divinity; ever absorbingly conscious of Himself as the Word of God.

And from this they are apt to pass to a conception of a purely contemplative and ascetical Christ, who finds the whole substance and essence of the spirit-life in the exercise of intellectual vision to which feeling and action are but subordinate conditions or concomitants. In this they rend at once the unity of Christ and the unity of the spirit-life. They soon begin to shelter under Gospel authority a mysticism and asceticism far more pagan than Christian,—a mysticism which sets the supernatural at discord with the natural, which looks for the divine as breaking into, rather than blending with, the human; which seeks God not through and behind the realm of Law and Order, but in supposed oases of interspersed chaos; and an asceticism grounded on a false trust in those visions and experiences of abnormal mentality to which the "corpus sanum" is an impediment and which are favored by nervous exhaustion and derangement; the asceticism not only of Gnostics, but of dervishes and fakirs and of all who implicitly hold that body and spirit are essentially antagonistic and derived from antagonistic principles. The Johannine and Pauline antithesis of flesh and spirit together with the example of Him who was "poor and in labors from His youth up," who had not where to lay His head, who fasted in the desert, and spent long nights in prayer, whose sufferings and death were in a certain sense self-inflicted and voluntary, all may easily be, and have often been, invoked to favor such a view.

But here again closer inspection reveals the superficiality and onesidedness of this presentment of Perfect Manhood. If Christ is not Love alone, neither is He Light alone. To sever these interests of Feeling and Vision, to make either principal, is as impossible as to sever the warmth and the brilliancy of sunshine.

Still less possible is it to find in Christ that hostility to feeling and affection, that frigid detachment from all mortal ties and necessities, that abstract aloofness from the world of sinful suffering humanity which are the almost indispensable condition of a life devoted entirely to intellectual contemplation, to an effort to realize permanently the condition of angels while still in the flesh.

True it is that the perfect simultaneous exercise and balance of the lives of feeling, thought and action are not possible; that it is by the alternating emphasis now of one now of another that a harmony of successive parts is to be secured. Hence the life of sentiment or of activity that is not interrupted by explicit contemplative effort with more or less frequency becomes quickly impoverished and earthly. Yet equally true it is that the contemplative effort cannot be permanently maintained without prejudice to mind and body and to the whole life of the spirit; but needs to be steadied and rested by action, and brought into contact with feeling and reality. Else there results a complete upset of the psycho-physiological balance, whose fruits are illusions and hallucinations on the part of injured mind, while the body, left masterless, avenges by its rebellion the wrongs done to it by a morbid asceticism. "How often have I seen those who were fed with the bread of angels delighting in the husks of swine," says à Kempis. Such a fall may conceivably be a Divine punishment of spiritual pride; but more often it is the result of misguidance, ignorance, or well-meaning indiscretion. It is the vengeance of Nature on those who ignore or defy her laws, which are indeed, after all, the Will of God. We may then be confident that the spirit-life as revealed to us in Christ is not, in any morbid sense of the terms, mystical or ascetical.

To the far greater number of average common-sense people who pride themselves on a freedom from sentiment and mysticism, the eminently practical side of Christ's Spirit will make a strong appeal. His vehement insistence on good works as the fruit and criterion of faith; His repudiation of the devotion which says "Lord, Lord," and stops there, of the affection based on natural relations of kinship, friendship and nationality, and not on unity of aim and work; His life of vigorous, active self-sacrificing devotion to His Father's business,—to teaching, healing, saving, minis-

tering; His conflict unto death with the powers of evil; and then, His opposition to theorists and doctrinaires, to those who preached salvation by dialectic and would make religion primarily intellectual and speculative; His disdain of prophecy and miracle and of any other preternatural criterion of discipleship as compared with the criterion of that charity or experimental goodness that feeds the hungry and clothes the naked,—all this and much more, makes out an easy and most plausible case for "Practicality." *Circuibat benefaciendo:* He went about doing good. "Doing good" seems to be the whole of the matter; more especially that sort of good that involves "going about." Conduct, in this narrow practical sense, is indeed, as Matthew Arnold says, three-quarters of life for the vast majority of mankind. Naturally then the importance of the Gospel seems to lie wholly in its bearing on this sort of conduct. Hence the tendency to regard philanthropic activity as the substance of Christianity; to absorb oneself in works of parochial, social, national, and international beneficence; to merge one's whole personality in the organism of the community; to forget that when all are sufficiently fed, clothed, housed and tended, the question still remains: What to do with life,—a question which they cannot answer to whom philanthropy is the whole of life.

If Christ's Spirit was practical, it was certainly not utilitarian. If it disdained faith without works, it also disdained works without faith. We see that in Him the inward and the outward were organically connected; that they were but different aspects of one and the same spiritual life and action, a life that was at once Vision and Love and Will; that His love was active and His action loving, and that both were penetrated by the light of truth. Now one, and now another aspect of that spirit-life would be emphasized or brought into play, according to the exigencies of the moment; but at the centre they were all merged in, and sprang from, that which is at once all of them and none of them, which is simply Spirit and Life. Drawn forth momentarily from that centre, each of them—Love, Vision, Will—was still quickened from its root by an infusion of the other two; and returning to the centre again, invigorated by exercise, became to them in turn a source of enriched vitality.

All idea of priority or principality or of true separableness among these elements of the spirit-life must be abandoned, if we are to read the Gospels aright and to grasp the conception of Perfect Manhood there presented to us. If we would arrive at such a conception we could not do better than try to apprehend the Spirit of Christ just as it breathes itself forth in that prayer whose words He has adopted, but whose sense and inspiration (of which they are the vehicle) are all His own, and can only be determined in the light of all His teaching and action.

This prayer of Christ is at once the deepest and most succinct expression of the Spirit and Life of Christ, of that Life whose reproduction in ourselves is the criterion of our religious beliefs and institutions. It is the norm of all pure prayer and indirectly of all pure belief; it is at once the *Lex Orandi* and the *Lex Credendi.* The *Credo* is but the "explicitation" of what is latent in the *Pater noster.*

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TWO OLD ROMANS.

AN uninteresting-looking, shabby little pair were Lizzie and James Spender, twins over seventy years of age, who had lived the last decade of that time in the Eternal City. Serene contentment was stamped upon their lined old faces which told the tale of past anxieties and a strenuous life, while British was writ large on their personalities. They loved to call themselves old Romans, during the Holy Year, with a pride and pleasure it did one good to see, making the twenty visits to the four indicated Basilicas, scorning all dispensations, while non-residents were bound to only ten visits. James who from love of it had learnt Italian in his youth, spoke it in a measured, grammatical fashion, his sister's command of that tongue being very limited. Lizzie managed somehow to make herself understood, being nowise disconcerted when her brother pointed out ludicrous mistakes and on the whole rather enjoying the fun.

In middle life the twins having been received into the Church, their dream forthwith was to see Rome and kneel at the feet of

the Vicar of Christ. This was a castle in the air unlikely to be realized, but in their little lodging in one of London's dreariest suburbs, they read and read all they could about Rome, seeing the wonderful things contained therein in imagination, treading in fancy classic ground so dear to the scholarly taste of James, seeing as well the haunts, the homes, the shrines of the Saints held in honor by both. These studies afforded delightful occupation during the many long winter evenings as well as during the hours of fascinating reading at the Free Library, to which a train took them for a penny if they were too tired to walk. James took notes in his small clear hand, filling many thick manuscript books with them, never really seriously thinking that either he or his sister would ever see Rome. Their mother after a year of wifehood having died at their birth, their father, who was librarian in a nobleman's castle, threw up his post because convinced that he could invent a flying machine; he wanted, so he informed his children who had then just left school and college, all his time for this work. At his sudden death, five years later, they found themselves with drawers full of designs and statistics, but with hardly any money in the bank, for, unknown to them, they had lately been living on his small capital. Lizzie went out as a daily governess, James as a clerk, and by the time they were sixty they were pretty well worn out, for both had worked very hard. Owing to selling out some shares, bought with their savings, at a very favorable time, they purchased a tiny annuity apiece, simultaneously agreeing that with the odd fifty pounds over they would go on a visit to Rome. It was a fortuitous moment, for James had just retired on a small pension.

Arrived in Rome they decided to stay there, finding a minute apartment at the top of an old palace, with some furniture to be bought at a bargain. The view all over Rome was enchanting, including as it did the beloved dome of St. Peter's, on which their eyes ever rested with joy.

With a *donna di facenda*,[1] Lizzie was able to attend to the household duties, the cheap *trattoria* in the next street sending in their midday meal, the remains of which, with an occasional extra, providing their supper. Both had been accustomed for so

[1] A woman who comes daily to do the rough housework.

long to scanty and plain fare that they were not particular; to their surprise they liked the oily food, and Lizzie declared she was fond of garlic.

It was such a change for the twins that really it was sometimes hard, as they said, to realize that it was not all a dream; that they would wake to find themselves in the sordid noisy suburb, in the grey smoke-darkened house, one of a long row, all alike, the diminutive front garden with its few sooty plants, the bay window of their sitting-room, the grimy basement where the overworked landlady with her slaves lived, in the stuffy dimness of summer and almost perpetual gaslight of winter. The delightful exchange meant ever fresh pleasures, the climate alone—they arrived in autumn—an ever recurring source of contentment, the sweet soft air, the "powdered gold" of the sunshine, the health-giving *tramontana*, the scirocco — which they had the extraordinary taste to like!—the rare cold or rain, the predominance of fine days,—it was all ineffably delectable!

But the greatest bliss of all, penetrating to their inmost souls, was it to these heavenly-minded little people, who had never till then crossed the Channel—to be not only in a Catholic country but in Rome, the very word thrilling them through and through. The realization exceeded all their fond hopes; the majesty of Rome surpassed all their expectations, it was all greater, grander, more stupendous than anything they had looked for. It was not the splendor of gold and marble; shrines adorned with gems and rare stone; of vast churches, of art and piety wedded in pictures and architecture, that impressed them so much as did the simple fact that it was all—Rome! that they were encompassed with her spiritual privileges; that they felt absolutely and curiously at home, there in the "city of souls." The intimate details of familiar Catholic life were constantly fresh sources of enjoyment; they learnt of customs and usages, centuries old, with keen delight and zest for all that appertained to their holy religion. They did not look to find the new Jerusalem of the Church triumphant in the headquarters of the Church militant. That there were strong shadows as well as radiant lights did not surprise them, nor were they dismayed at the fact that the enemy of God was active. Ever wearing the "rose of joy" they were by the alembic of its

perfume more inclined to let their gaze rest on the beautiful, the good, the God-like, than on the reverse. So it was that Rome gave to them of her esoteric treasures, gave lavishly, opulently, as she does to those who, like my little pair, are ready to receive her gifts and who live in "correspondence with their environment,"—one priceless in value, infinite in power.

They had made nice friends in Rome, some few English people as well as several ecclesiastics, amongst them prelates and monsignori, who enjoyed a chat after the hearty welcome they always received. Sometimes Lizzie made tea in her spirit lamp, even having a small tea-party now and then with *maritozzi* and *quaresmali* in Lent, the latter being made of ingredients permissible ever on *magno stretto* days. Now and then big envelopes would be left at the door or be brought personally by some friend. Inside would be welcome tickets for some function, red-letter days for the twins. Then James' old dress-coat would be brushed with extra care and put on with a feeling of solemnity, the old man looking uncommonly nice in it. As a rule Lizzie cut his thin grey hair and little beard for the sake of economy, but for these great occasions he went to the barber and, when he was ready to start, his childlike blue eyes were kindled with unalloyed exaltation. Then Lizzie would rustle in, wearing her old, often altered black silk, her hair, never very tidy, arranged carefully under the long veil rather badly pinned on, her face so radiant that it was really comely in spite of age, shrivelled cheeks and lined forehead,—happiness is such a beautifier!

After James had made sure for the dozenth time that he had the tickets, they would descend the many stairs, call a little carriage and be off to some Vatican gathering or great function in St. Peter's. When the Holy Father appeared they experienced moments of throbbing jubilation, of fervid emotions that stirred the depths of their beings. Those who have experienced the like scenes may know something of their emotions, which, for the rest, cannot be described. For as children of the Church it was all theirs, the great Basilica their very own, the unearthly figure of him who occupies a unique position on earth, their rightful Father and King. At their first audience James, ever Britishly averse to betraying his feelings, found his eyes dim, while Lizzie

trembled from head to foot, as kneeling in homage they kissed the Fisherman's ring.

One January morning the climate was behaving shockingly. Angry tourists—especially those who had left their great-coats behind — were aggrievedly demanding if this was the Sunny South, for though the sky was blue the icy winds of the *tramontana* were blowing and the Spenders' rooms facing north—they could not afford sunny ones—were extremely cold. As nearly all Italians dispense with fire they had obliged themselves to follow their example, finding it chilly work. They heaped clothes on themselves, it being really mid-winter, while James bundled himself up under his coat and Lizzie wore a cloth cape over her jacket, so that the outlines of both were greatly increased in area.

James' serenity was rather disturbed that morning, for, according to their annual custom, the twins were taking Britannia to be blessed, that day being the feast of Sant' Antonio Abaté, and it was a troublesome business. To make sure that the cat would not absent herself, after a propitiatory breakfast of milk, Lizzie had taken the precaution of shutting her into her bedroom, from which came the sound of some questioning meows as her mistress hunted round for her spectacles, second best gloves, and the small crochet jug in which she kept her pence.

"Have you got everything, sister?" asked James patiently.

"Yes, brother, yes."

"I conclude you have a basket to put her into."

"No, don't you remember she hates a basket?" said Lizzie, snapping a strong strap to the collar of the cat, who was now allowed to come into the sitting-room.

"The tram won't help us much; shall we take a carriage?" asked James.

"No, certainly not," said the thrifty Lizzie, mindful of the household account book; "we can walk."

So saying they descended the stairs and were soon on their way to Sant' Eusebio. The cat's tail twitching ominously and peeping out under her cape afforded much mirth to street boys who capered jubilantly behind the twins, indulging in remarks after the manner of their kind. When addressed by James in slow Dantesque Italian and with an accompaniment of a few

soldi, they ran off screaming "Oh, yes! oh, yes!" that being a favorite joke at the expense of the English.

James' little nose became pink, then red under his muffler as he walked on in the teeth of the wind which blew over the mountain tops where the snow crowned their lovely purple and amethyst velvet heights, on which white towns and villages clung amid the chinchilla grey of the olives. When the church was reached he murmured an inward thanksgiving. Britannia, whose tail and general expression betokened anything but good dispositions, was duly asperged, the beautiful blessing was given, and the trio returned in a carriage which James hurriedly hailed.

"Maria is ill; she is not coming to-day," said Lizzie, alluding to the *donna di facenda*, as they slowly mounted the marble stair to their apartment, "She is sending *diavoletta*[2] instead."

"I do hope she has not dusted my writing table," said James apprehensively.

"I told her to leave it alone always," said Lizzie; and her brother pulled the chain which hung by the indigo painted door on which their visiting cards were nailed.

Diavoletta—otherwise Raffaella—appeared in answer, brimful of news, for their landlord, old Count Lassimo opposite, had died suddenly. That was indeed a great event, in consequence of which Lizzie had to overlook much left undone in the way of work.

In the afternoon the twins went over to see the deceased count lying in a room of his apartment on the *piano nobile*,[3] dressed in the brown *Sacco* bestowed on him when he joined the *Saccone*, a confraternity to which only the nobles can belong. In strict accordance with its rules all was very simple in the death chamber, no flowers, few candles. Brother and sister joined the praying watchers in their petitions for the repose of the count's soul. The next day they assisted at the Mass *presente cadavere*, the coffin being placed on the ground as is the custom with those of the aristocracy. Lizzie had on a black necktie out of respect; as a rule she changed that article conformably with the feasts and fasts of the Church.

After their dinner *visotto alla Milanese*, followed by roast lamb

[2] A minx. [3] First floor.

strongly flavored with rosemary, they had some *ricotta*[4] and fruit—dried figs and mandarin oranges; later on they talked, as they often did, of death.

"If we could but afford it—what pity we can't," said Lizzie, "to have our own niches in the Church of the Agonizing Heart. But I can't economize more than I do and I'm too old now to give lessons, even if I could get pupils."

"Never mind; we shall be buried in Rome, let us hope. We can never be thankful enough, sister, for living here. What a privilege!"

They had said these words over and over again to each other, but they enjoyed hearing and repeating them, like the refrain of a loved song.

"Indeed it is," said Lizzie. "One feels sometimes that it is almost too great a blessing, as if one did not deserve it."

"One could never deserve it," said James, and instinctively they went to the window to look out at the view so dear to both. Against the deep blue of the sky rose the stately dome which in that light took the bloom-color seen on purple grapes. "Imagine," said James, "the thousands of holy people who would give years of life to be able to see Rome, to tread these streets that so many saints have trodden, to see that dome—it is a wonderful grace. 'I cannot reach up to it,' as it says in the Psalms, and this blessing has come to us so easily. Well, sister, we can both say —can't we?—*Domine, non sum dignus.*"

Lizzie bent her head in grave and thankful response. Being in Rome made up for so much, for life was a great struggle, harder than ever, as they felt with their increasing years the need of little comforts, and as they became more acutely sensible of numberless privations, from giving up butter, mending and patching to a limitless extent, to going without fire (which neither acknowledged to the other was a great privation), that even the *scaldinos* hardly tempered. But for all the pinching and striving, the self-denial and economies, how many compensations were in their lot and how alive they were to them all!

Lent came, and with real piety the twins made visits to the Stations, that charming and essentially Roman devotion, where

[4] Cheese made of sheep's milk.

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BRIGHTON, MASS.

year after year, for centuries, churches, shrines, and holy places open wide their doors, to which you pass between a double row of beggars shaking their tin mugs, and one in particular, an old woman with black goggles, never being missing. Crushing the fragrant box under their feet the little pair went happily about after their worship of the Most Holy, passing to some place where a saint had dwelt or died, to a noted relic to be venerated,—how impressed they were with it all.

Then passing out they would meet long lines of students, James accurately recollecting their nationality and telling Lizzie who never remembered any but "the reds," as they are called, of the German College. How the busy life of the Roman streets would amuse and interest them,—the picturesque wine carts with their fan-like hood and ever-present barking small dog, the curious dim vegetable shops arranged with such taste that even turnips and onions take on unlooked-for prettiness, fair touches in a color scheme; past the chestnut sellers whose wares had such sweet perfume, past the well known churches—it was all part and parcel of Rome.

Spring came; the air became more languorous; the days grew longer—with nights on which the stars were magnificently fiery—and across the atmosphere struck the frivolous sounds of mandolins; until the weather became really warm. The catalpa blossoms threw up their purple spires, the Judas trees on the Pincio were in their best array, vying in glory with the sweet roses which trailed in all directions; in the streets the stands for lemonade and innocuous drinks became more numerous.

After no end of discussion as to where to go the Spenders went to Albano for a month in the worst heat, returning but little refreshed but with hearts glad, as they always were, to return to the city for which they hungered even during a very brief absence. Rain was hoped for between the Feasts of Our Lady—the Assumption and Nativity—but it did not come till Michaelmas, lasting but a few days.

On Rosary Sunday a long blue envelope was among their few letters, chiefly from their friends still absent from Rome. It was curious and most unexpected news. A cousin—their only surviving relative—who had denounced them forever when they

became Catholics, had in tardy repentance left them a pretty cottage at Southampton, with two hundred pounds a year besides, all on the condition that they should live in the cottage and not leave England. Failing their acceptance of this arrangement all was to be sold and the money resulting from the sale, together with the shares, to go to a nephew in Australia.

James handed the letter to his sister after reading it himself in perfect silence. In his breast rose the desire to see old England again, just a faint touch of British nostalgia; then it would certainly be nice to be better off, and the sum named was a fortune to them. Lizzie, as she read, had swift visions of ease, of a cessation of pinching and of straining to make ends meet. It was tempting to both; yet neither for a space found words. When they did, both had the same thing to say: they could not leave Rome. Better sharp, ugly poverty in this city of their love than riches away from it.

As the bells rang out the *Ave Maria* their decision was made.

"*Roma—amor*," said James slowly, "love must suffer and sacrifice; let us feel honored that we can do so; it is a small price after all to pay for ending our days as old Romans."

LOUISA EMILY DOBRÉE.

Rome, Italy.

HIS GREY EMINENCE.

IV.

LITERATURE and art, the pen of Lytton and the pencil of Millais among many others, have been so dexterously employed in misrepresenting the attitude and action of Catholic France toward Protestants at this epoch, so many specious appeals have been made to false sentiment, that it is well to note here what was the spirit which actuated one of the chief persons engaged in the conflict of creeds and parties. Father Joseph, who, in the war against the Huguenots in 1621, followed closely the sieges of Saint Jean d'Angely, Nerac, and Montauban, at the head of numerous Capuchins who converted by their preaching those whom the king submitted by his arms, constantly reminds missioners and prelates of the triple obligation of procuring the

conversion of the Calvinists by patience, by doctrine, and by example. Faith, he says pithily, is a gift of God, and not a gift of Mars or an effect of war. "My habit and my manner of life," he declared to the Protestant allies in 1633, "speak for my religion. But I hold as entirely condemnable religious coercion, such as I have seen practised in Germany, particularly in Baden. The principle, *ejus religio, cujus regio*, comes from the devil. One ought not to obtain conversions by violence, but leave God to operate by the Holy Spirit." The Christian religion, he elsewhere[1] reminds them, was founded not by killing but by dying; not by making others endure severities, but by endurance through faith; and declares that where people have turned aside from this way, religion is diminished, restrained, and stifled. This was meant for the Spaniards who too often allowed themselves to be carried away by bitter zeal in combating heresy, forgetful that it is for the extirpation of heresy, not for the extirpation of heretics, that the Church prays. Those who are ignorantly in error he holds to be more worthy of compassion than punishment, of succor than chastisement. These were the sentiments of an ardent apostle who for twenty years expended his zeal and his strength for the conversion of the Huguenots, of a French Catholic who, at the conference of Loudun in 1616, was the indefatigable champion and intelligent defender of Papal authority against the excessive pretensions of Gallicanism, who, Catholic and Roman to the finger tips, gloried in the name of Roman Catholic "because it is the public avowal and profession that a Christian ought to be a member of the Church, outside of which there is no salvation; a particular and express renunciation of all the sects in Christendom, protesting that he is not an adherent of any communion of all those that call themselves Christian, but of that only which has the Visible Head, which is founded on the immovable Rock which without interruption since the Apostles unto us retains the ecclesiatical Hierarchy, the indissoluble bond of the peoples and bishops, under a single ministerial head who is the Pope, to be eternally united to our Lord Jesus Christ who is its essential Head, the sole Saviour and Redeemer, eternally blessed."[2]

[1] Discourse on the affairs of the Valtelline and the Grisons.

[2] *L'advertissement aux États de l'Europe.*

In 1625 the missions of England, the East, Morocco, and Canada were placed under Father Joseph's direction. He and Richelieu made use of Laud's movement in England to give that transitory crisis in contemporary Anglicanism a Catholic direction.[3] But however eager Father Joseph was for the conversion of French heretics and those of other Western nations, what appealed most to his apostolic zeal was the propagation of the faith in the region which had been its birthplace. The Capuchins were not the first who sought to bring under the Gospel yoke the Levantine populations comprising Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Jews, and European colonists. Among their precursors were the older Franciscans and the Jesuits. The field which the Jesuits had cultivated, and from which they were several times expelled, was large enough to give occupation to other laborers. Father Joseph sent to Scio, Smyrna, Constantinople, Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, Father Pacificus of Provins whose report to Propaganda—founded about the same time (1622–1623) on the initiative of another Capuchin, Father Jerome of Narni—was followed by Father du Tremblay being constituted prefect of the missions in the East as well as those of England and Scotland. The plan of operations was vast; it was nothing less than the spiritual conquest of the whole region between the Mediterranean and the Caspian Sea. While their patience, humility, poverty, and services, disarmed

[3] In the government and among the aristocracy there were many convinced Catholics who only lacked courage to publicly profess their belief. Of this number was Weston, Earl of Portland. More than one seeming Anglican had with him a Catholic priest to give him absolution in his last moments. Francis Windebank, Secretary of State, discussed with the Nuncio Panzani the conditions of a reconciliation between the two Churches, favored by Richard Montagu, Bishop of Chichester, the Earl of Carlyle, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Walter Montagu, the queen's favorite, spoke of going to Rome and joining the Oratorians. Father Joseph, who accompanied to London in 1598 his relative Hurault de Maisse, ambassador extraordinary to Queen Elizabeth, and met the prince who afterwards ascended the throne as James I, regarded the English schism as one of the greatest evils which happened to the Catholic Church in the sixteenth century and deplored "the blindness of that people so strongly self-opinionated in its misfortune." He ardently desired to see England return to the bosom of the Church and thought James I, whom he credits with having done much to mitigate the severity of the penal laws, would have done more were it not for "the inconsiderate zeal of those who wanted to bury him in the ruins of his State pell-mell with the Catholics, his servants." (Paul Hay du Chastelet: *Recueil de diverses pièces pour l'histoire*, p. 142.)

Turkish fanaticism, their zeal and austerity pleaded so strongly in favor of their doctrines that many Greeks abjured schism.

In 1623 Propaganda established Capuchin missions in Aleppo, Alexandria, Armenia, and Abyssinia. At Beyrout the conversion of the governor of the Holy Land drew down upon them the resentment of the Turkish authorities. Upon an order from the Divan they were put in chains and transported to Constantinople. Called upon to choose between apostasy or death they replied as might be expected and were thrown into a narrow, noisome prison, where they were left without food and only brought out to be bastinadoed. Three died of this bad treatment and two were ransomed by the king. But they had successors at Beyrout and the work was carried on without interruption. Some Jews at Aleppo having denounced the Capuchins to Khalil Pasha, he went to see them in the house of the French merchant who gave them hospitality. He found two poor beds, a few books, and a little rice, and went away exclaiming: "They are saints. I shall protect these dervishes!" They grew in favor with all nationalities, Druses, Armenians, and Greeks, and their religious services attracted schismatics just as much as Catholics. The schismatical archbishops themselves profited by their instructions and secretly sent in their adhesion to the Holy See.[4] Conversions were made even among the Mohammedans. The Capuchins thought of founding a college or seminary in the Lebanon where Father Joseph established a press for the printing of books in Arabic, Persian, Turkish, and Syriac, and got several of his religious taught type-setting. He thus set working a propaganda of truth, in opposition to a propaganda of error carried on by Patriarch Cyril by means of the printing press in Alexandria and Greece. He had formed in his Order, in view of a Greek and Oriental press, skilled compositors, anticipating by his private initiative the establishment of the Imprimerie Royal by the State and the Propaganda press by the Papacy. Nor should the services rendered by the Capuchin missioners to Oriental philology and the natural sciences be forgotten. The professors in their college at Aleppo published an Arabic version of the Bible in 1633.

[4] Letter of the Metropolitan of Aleppo to Urban VIII, May 25, 1627, in Rocco. III, 196, 197, No. 3.

It was not all a record of uninterrupted successes. The Capuchins, besides having to endure many privations and persecutions, continually running the risk of being ill-treated by the Turks or robbed by the Arabs on their fatiguing journeys, had to combat the rivalry of other Orders, which involved Father Joseph in a long controversy and much correspondence with France and Rome. In the eyes of Louis XIII and Richelieu the mission of the Levant was a Catholic and national work of the highest importance, and Father Joseph enjoyed their fullest confidence. All that they did for the missions was inspired by him.

In the autumn of 1628 some Capuchin missionaries made their way to Bagdad (the ancient Babylon) and Ispahan and were favorably received by the Shah, who gave them two houses, much larger than their modest requirements needed. Although they were allowed much more freedom in Chaldea and Persia than in Turkey, they made fewer converts, and at the siege and capture of Bagdad by the Turks in 1638, only one missioner remained. All the Jacobites, however, numbering forty families, and their bishop had been converted and many Nestorians brought back to the Church.

A similar fate befell the missions of Egypt and Abyssinia, the martyrdom of Père Agathange of Vendôme and Père Cassien of Nantes,[5] sent thither by Father Joseph, shedding a sunset glory upon the latter. The mission of Morocco was not less heroic and sterile. It was the outcome of an expedition organized by Isaac de Razilly, one of Richelieu's advisers and auxiliaries, who, aided by Father Joseph, obtained a commission to negotiate for the suppression of piracy, the liberation of prisoners, and freedom of commerce.

"The impossibility of determining by figures the fruits of the apostolate of the Capuchins and the small number of their missioners ought not let any doubt rest on the efficacy of that apostolate. In the West and Southwest of France, in the Levant, they have been among evangelical workers the most active, the most listened to, the best rewarded for their labors. The return of our country to its old faith has been in a great part their work; if in the East other Orders have disputed with them, since, the honor of propagating Chris-

[5] *Op. cit.*, Vol. I, pp. 377, 378.

tianity and causing it and the name of France to be loved, they have none the less inherited it from the Jesuits, who could not guard it long, and have none the less worthily fulfilled that noble task which they share to-day with so many others. The merit ought to be largely credited to the founder and commissary apostolic of the missions, to him whose initiative, authority, energy, tact, moderation, and charity this rapid summary has made us admire by turns."[6]

This, one would think, was work enough for a lifetime; but intermingled and alternating with these missions were numerous political missions connected with high affairs of State, involving delicate, difficult, and protracted negotiations with nearly all the courts and cabinets of Europe; questions of home and foreign policy, the reorganization of the government, and the development of Richelieu's policy more or less inspired from beginning to end by Père Joseph,—the policy which, based on the Roman maxim, *parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*, was to weld into a compact kingdom the discordant elements that threatened the disintegration of France by breaking the political power of the nobles, some of the most turbulent and influential of whom threw in their lot with the Huguenots and were continually fomenting revolutions of the palace, court cabals, plots, and insurrections; the policy which secured national unity and religious peace by maintaining the supremacy of the royal authority and the religion of the State, centralizing all the forces of the nation under the crown, which made France chief among the powers of Europe and laid the foundation of a colonial empire; the struggle for the Alpine passes and the conspiracy of Chalais; alliances with Protestant states, which Father Joseph in one of his numerous writings justifies by an appeal to Sacred Scripture; the unrelaxing effort to keep Austria and Spain at bay and to extend France to the frontiers of Gaul, to its natural boundary, the Rhine; the mission to the Diet of Regensburg where the Capuchin envoy labored with notable skill and success to bring about the dismissal of Wallenstein and pave the way for detaching Maximilian of Bavaria and the League from their close alliance with the Emperor and Spain; the formation of the Holy Alliance; mediation between the Protestant Union and the Catholic League; armed intervention in

[6] Faginez, *op. cit.*

Italy and Switzerland; the mission to Ratisbon and the complicated conferences which resulted in the treaty of Fontainebleau, a treaty, chiefly negotiated by Father Joseph, which made the Emperor Ferdinand, mortified at being outdone in diplomacy by a friar, exclaim that "a poor Capuchin had disarmed him with his beads and, narrow as his capuche was,was able to make six electoral caps fit into it,"[7] which brought forth a swarm of libels and threats of assassination,[8] the alliance with Gustavus Adolphus and the policy of bringing Germany under the control of French influence; the project of an Italian Confederation, as the surest means of subverting Spanish domination in the Peninsula; alliances, offensive and defensive; plots and counterplots; revolutions of the palace and civil wars; dynastic wars and so-called religious wars in which religion, properly so-called, was a secondary question or negligible quantity.

Apart from these political issues were important questions of ecclesiastical polity growing out of Gallicanism, Illuminism, and Jansenism, seriously affecting the interests of Catholicity in France. The phase of Gallicanism with which Richelieu and Père Joseph were concerned was known as Richerism. The *Libellus de ecclesiastica et politica potestate* (1611) of Edmond Richer had resuscitated the religious Gallicanism of Gerson, Almain, and Major, fortified with the authority of the school of political Gallicanism of the parliaments, and, disdaining the scholastics, went back to the Fathers, relying upon them to oppose to the régime of concordats a Church aristocratically governed by its councils and bishops, a State recognizing no authority in the world superior to its own. Such a localizing of the Church, such an exaggerated conception of ecclesiastical autonomy would inevitably lead to schism. It was nationalism pushed to its utmost limits, and was contradictory of the principle upon which the Church's unity rests

[7] Alluding to the loss of six votes for the Imperial succession in the Electoral College.

[8] Libellous pamphlets were circulated in Europe, declaring that "he was the enemy of God and the scourge of the world." He even received threats of death. He was accused of enkindling a sanguinary war between Catholic sovereigns, the Emperor, and the Kings of Spain and France. Fagniez says all this violence attests the large share he had in the struggle entered upon by Richelieu against the powerful house which had persuaded many to identify its course with that of religion.

as well as of its essentially democratic character. Father Joseph went farther than Richelieu in hostility to Richer and his doctrines. In place of belonging, like Richelieu, to the episcopal body upon whom Richer would confer exclusive directing authority, he belonged to an Order which depended directly on the Holy See, and which had suffered persecution rather than offer public prayers for a king (Henry IV) whom the Pope had not yet absolved. The cosmopolitan character of his first undertaking, his crusading project and his missionary work led him more than anyone to regard Rome as the centre and guarantee of Catholic unity. To him more than to the Cardinal redounded the credit of getting Richer to retract and reducing him and his party to silence. It was a triumph for Rome, and Urban VIII testified his satisfaction by giving the hat to Alphonse de Richelieu and addressing a brief of congratulations and thanks to Father Joseph.[9]

To the perilous problems posed by Richer succeeded the perilous mysticism of the sect of the *illuminés*, a moral epidemic which, originating at Chartres, spread to Picardy, Artois, Cambrésis, Hainaut, Brabant, and Paris, and, assimilating the virus of various kindred heresies, affected, it was estimated, more than sixty thousand people. Illuminism was a development on heretical lines of quietism, famous for the contest it brought about between two eminent prelates. Through the influence of Père Joseph Richelieu adopted severe measures for its suppression as well as for the suppression of nascent Jansenism, not yet known by that name, but insinuating itself under the seductive teaching of Du Vergier de Hauranne, commonly called Saint-Cyran, and Père Seguenot, who recanted his errors and protested his regrets in a very humble letter to the Capuchin, whose zeal for the purity of the faith led him, in conjunction with one of his brethren, Father Hyacinth of Paris, to found in that city, under the title of Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith or of the Exaltation of the Cross, an association for the conversion of heretics.[10]

[9] Père Joseph to Bagni, March 9, 1630. Despatch rom the English agent, Edmond, December 24, 1629. Record Office, State Papers, France, No. 193.

[10] Strengthened in 1638 by the accession of the Congregation of the Priests of Calvary, it afterward became infected with the Jansenism spirit and was ultimately abolished by Mazarin.

In the execution of Richelieu's plans of ecclesiastical reform, which synchronized with the ascensional movement of Catholicity in France, consequent on the great work wrought by the Lazarists and Sulpicians, Father Joseph had a large share as well as in the settlement of the questions at issue between the secular and regular clergy. The latter was signalized by an organized attack on the monastic orders, led by the Archbishop of Rouen (François Harlay de Champvallon) and the Bishop of Belley (Jean Pierre Camus),[11] who launched pamphlet after pamphlet against the monks, whose cause was championed by the Capuchin as ready to defer to Rome the arbitrament of religious questions as he was jealous of safeguarding in relations with the Curia the independence of the national policy. The campaign against the regulars, which emanated from the Gallican spirit, ended in making the Pope the arbiter in a conflict where his authority was at stake, that is to say, to an abdication of episcopal Gallicanism to the advantage of the Sovereign Pontiff.

It is illustrative of his many-sided character as well as a note of high perfection that, with the same facility with which he could deal with questions of State involving complex details and religious questions turning upon theological subtleties, Father Joseph could turn aside from the world without to the world within us, could divert his attention from the clamor and contention of rival potentates and parties to study the silent operations of grace in the soul—from life as it is lived in courts and camps, in palaces and parliaments, to the spiritual life with its larger issues and wider horizons. Called by God to affairs of State, as his earliest biographer expresses it, from the moment (October, 1623) Cardinal Richelieu solicited and obtained for him from the General of his Order obedience "to go to Court and serve his Majesty," he never lost the cloistral spirit. He was an ascetic from first to last. His ascetical doctrine is scattered through numerous works, most of which were written for the Calvary nuns. Besides these he

[11] The biographer of St. Francis de Sales was reconciled to Père Joseph shortly before the latter's death. In a letter written on July 19, 1638, to the Capuchin, he thanks him for not letting his name and influence be used against him, except in a superior interest and not through personal animosity. Extolling his moderation, he treats Père Joseph as the Cardinal's minister, as the latter was the king's first minister.

wrote books for people of the world for the different exercises of the Christian life, and treatises on the seraphic vocation suitable for Capuchins. Even to the close of his life he had the spiritual direction of the Calvary nuns, whose institute was based on the Rule of St. Benedict, upon which he wrote a volume of "Considerations."[12] To them, wherever his numerous missions carried him, he addressed letters and exhortations for their guidance in the contemplative life, and when in Paris used to deliver several times a week at the *grille* of the convents of the Compassion and the Crucifixion improvised allocutions. His religious exhortations have been compared to those of St. Francis de Sales for mystical depth, unction, imagination, profusion of imagery and elevated thought. He was a strict disciplinarian. At that time there was not a nunnery, however reformed, but all the ladies of the court had permission to enter it; not to have this privilege was a mark of little authority. They used to stop there a week or a fortnight, and take with them five or six young girls. Father Joseph did not consider this free intercourse with seculars compatible with the development and preservation of the interior spirit, and would have none of it at the Calvary. "Even were I to know," he wrote, "that to permit once the entrance of a lady into one of our convents, she would build five others at her own expense, I would never allow it and would refuse her offer; neither would I wish them to receive a young lady, even if she brought all the wealth imaginable, if she has not the true spirit, for I do not seek money or multitudes, but the spirit." All his ascetical teaching is crystallized in that sentence. Severity in admission to profession was a point he repeatedly insisted upon, observing that he would prefer a rebellious nun who would scale the convent walls to a hypocrite who would secretly insinuate by her speech and example the poison of laxity.

Lord Lytton puts into the mouth of Richelieu the words: "The pen is mightier than the sword." It was a weapon, defensive or offensive, which Père Joseph frequently and effectually wielded. It enabled him to extend his influence far beyond the king's council chamber or the prime minister's cabinet by oper-

[12] The superior of the reformed Congregation of Saint Maur, Dom Tarisse, said no one knew so well the spirit of St. Benedict as Père Joseph.

ating upon public opinion. Polemics filled the largest part of his political career. He was an indefatigable pamphleteer. His polemical writings, published anonymously, or with assumed names, were so numerous that an examination tending to establish the origin of each of them would much exceed the limits of a volume. The Abbé L. Dedouvres has devoted a work of over 600 pages to an appreciation of Father Joseph as a polemist and to the authentication of the pamphlets attributed to him.[13] Despite the number, variety, and extent of his writings, it is noteworthy that he has not obtained the least place in the history of French literature. The explanation is found in the fact that he did not write for the sake of achieving literary distinction. Before all things a man of action, wholly devoted to the accomplishment of the work, as churchman and statesman, he was providentially called upon to perform, he only used fugitive literature as a means to an end. Most of his writings, like his Epistles to the Benedictine nuns of the Congregation of Our Lady of Calvary, were written *à plume volante.* "His writings," says the Abbé Dedouvres, "were, truly, before all things actions; he did not write for the sake of writing, but to act; in him the author was not distinct from the man, and his writings were confounded with his life; his style was nothing else than his very thought as it came, full of life, from his apostolic soul. He never cared in the least for literary form."[14]

Besides being the author of ascetical works and a prolific pamphleteer, this Capuchin, who added to his other virtues the rare virtue of literary self-effacement, was a poet and journalist The *Turciade*[15] already referred to, was a Latin epic poem of 4637 verses, composed in favor of the projected crusade against Turkish dominion in Palestine. First published in 1625, it was lost until discovered by the Abbé Dedouvres in the Barberini Library in Rome. The type of crusader therein depicted is not a knight-errant in search of warlike adventures, nor a day-dreamer

[13] Le Père Joseph, Polemiste, ses premiers écrits, 1623–1626, par l'Abbé L. Dedouvres. Paris, 1895.

[14] *Op. cit.*, Preface, p. 19.

[15] *Turciados libri V dicati Urbano VIII, Pont. Max. Parisiis, apud Jo. Foüet*, 1625 (153 pp. 8vo.). The greater part of it was written in 1616–1617.

believing in the possible realization of chimerical projects, but a courageous soldier of the Cross, whose chivalrous zeal, fired by the reports of missioners, impels him to avenge the sacrilegious outrages of the infidels and free the Holy Places from the usurping Moslem. Besides the *Turciade*, he wrote several religious sonnets, hymns, and canticles and poems referring to Greece and the Holy Land; his thoughts continually reverting to the sacred soil sacrosanct for all time as the scene of the central act of the Divine Drama of the Redemption of the human race. Calvary was, indeed, the centre, the motive principle, the soul of his moral life, as France was the object of his patriotic aspirations. He wrote "A sonnet on approaching the House of Loreto" during his first journey through Italy, on the occasion of a pilgrimage he made to that celebrated sanctuary, for which he had a particular affection. The greater part of the *Turciade* and a "Complaint of poor Greece to King Louis the Just" were written during the two journeys to Rome (1616–1617) and Spain (1618). An abridgment of *The Spiritual Life* was composed at the convent of Mendon, when he was master of novices, using verse instead of prose with the object of impressing his own ascetical views on the receptive minds of his subjects.

Unequal, sometimes excellent, but oftenest mediocre, these poems,[16] the Abbé Dedouvres says, reveal, however, an imagination prompt and vivid, and a great power of vision. This faculty of turning ideas into images, which he possessed in a really eminent degree, enabled him to scatter here and there in his poems, notably in his "Hymn in praise of Saint Joseph," in his "Comparison of Eternal Life with Spring," and in his *Turciade*, beautiful picturesque verses. Images, metaphors, and analogies abound in his writings. Fagniez does not hesitate to call him a true poet, with the inspiration, the originality, the stirring strains, the wealth of language, the harmony, the happy familiarity with details, and the boldness in selecting the fittest phrases characteristic of one; the only thing that can be found fault with being a little exuberance and redundancy. Not content with cultivating poetry, like his compeer and compatriot, Riche-

[16] Altogether he wrote 2884 French and 4637 Latin verses. All his French poems exist in manuscript at the Bibliothèque Mazarine (MS. 2301, pp. 1175-1299).

lieu, who nourished the budding germs of artistic and literary excellence, who established the Société de la Comédie Française and the French Academy, he accorded his patronage to those who cultivated it, such as Chapelain, Boisrobert and others. He shared Richelieu's taste for literature and, despite his austerity, it is not impossible, Fagniez thinks, he may have been induced to give his opinion upon such or such a situation or tirade in one of those tragedies wrought by Corneille's nascent genius and hall-marked with the great Cardinal's authority.

From 1624 to 1638 he was the chief editor and director of the *Mercure Français*, an official publication consisting of twenty-four volumes comprising documents and records concerning the history of France and other countries from 1605 to the close of the reign of Louis XIII (May, 1643).

Father Joseph was also a great orator. As such he is regarded as the precursor of Bossuet in the reform of the French pulpit. It was by the power and attraction of his oratory he drew thirty young students belonging to the most distinguished families at Bourges into the Order of St. Francis in less than a year; that he converted a considerable number of Huguenots at Saumur; that during the Octave of Corpus Christi at Angers he caused the law courts to be closed in the morning and traders and artisans shut up their shops and lawyers and the canons of Saint Maurice throng to hear; that at Blois people came twelve and fifteen miles in the depth of winter to his sermons, and during an entire Lent left other churches empty to fill the one in which he preached. If during the twenty years of apostolate (1605–1624) he achieved such oratorical triumphs, perhaps unexampled at that time, they were due to the serious qualities of his practical and moving eloquence. Rejecting the abridged Summas of Theology, and portable extracts from sacred or profane authors then in vogue, he based his discourses on his personal knowledge. "Where do you get all you tell us of the spiritual life?" asked one of the Calvary nuns. "In yourselves," he replied; "my principal book is your hearts; your consciences, the movements and operations of God in your hearts, that is what I study, that is my book, which is not written on paper nor with ink, but in your interiors, imprinted in large characters by the Spirit of the living God." He recom-

mends whoever would wish to excel in preaching to study St. Thomas, to read the Bible every year in order to thoroughly familiarize himself with the sacred text, and to devote himself to a thoughtful perusal of the Fathers and ecclesiastical and profane history. He was indifferent to what he calls "the vanity of eloquent discourses," left studied eloquence to the Bar, and thought pulpits "consecrated to represent the labors of Christ, all disfigured with tears and blood," no place for "curious researches" or "glittering words."[17]

In 1635, when France was on the eve of a direct struggle with Austria, Father Joseph was regarded as the political successor of Richelieu and his elevation to the Cardinalate, preparatory thereto, as a foregone conclusion. The idea of his being called to the Sacred College dates back to 1632. In 1633, he was formally presented as the candidate of France and his promotion strongly urged both by Richelieu and the king, the former being desirous of securing the continuation of his policy by one who had so long been the recipient of his confidence and the sharer of his life and thoughts.

But political and personal reasons barred the way. The changed attitude of the Holy See toward France and the legend which, even in his lifetime, travestied the sentiments and rôle of Père Joseph,—credulity and calumny having made him a kind of scapegoat for all the woes of Christendom[18]—influenced adversely the mind of Urban VIII; although when, as Cardinal Maffeo Barberini, the latter met the illustrious Capuchin in Rome (1616—1617), they both became familiar friends, and when in August, 1623, the Cardinal became Pope, the Capuchin was received with such exceptional favor by the Pontiff as to create jealousy, being admitted to audience twice a week during a four months' sojourn, generally passing three and four hours at a time in conversations.[19] One who "sways the harmonious mystery of the world better than princes or prime ministers" had ordained it otherwise; and

[17] Epistles of Father Joseph to the Fathers of his Order (Ep. 35); Lepré-Balain, *Vie du R. P. Joseph* (l. III, ch. VI). Exhortations, MS. 4 of the Calvary of Angers, p. 401.

[18] Gustave Fagniez, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 402.

[19] Lepré-Balain, *Vie du R. P. Joseph*, l. IV, ch. XXXII.

when, in December, 1638, a second and fatal stroke of apoplexy closed the career of Pére Joseph, the cardinalitial honors devolved to France's second candidate, Mazarin, who thus became the presumptive successor of the great minister, taking the place of Joseph du Tremblay in the Church, in the State, and in history.[20] If, however, he did not die in the fulness of honors as well as in the fulness of years, he died in the hour of France's triumph, a fitting hour to mark the close of a long life devoted to its service. It was on the morrow of the capture of Breisach by Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, a conquest which assured to France the possession of Alsace, cut off communications between Spain and the Duchy of Milan and the Netherlands, protected Burgundy and Lorraine, and opened to the French army the valley of the Danube. An apocryphal legend represents Richelieu as leaning over his dying friend and colleague and exclaiming: "Courage, Père Joseph, Breisach est à nous!" This is very picturesque and dramatic, but it is not history. The capitulation of Breisach was signed on December 17, 1638; Father Joseph died on the morning of December 18th; and the news of the victory did not reach the French government until about the 25th. Faithful to the last to his principles and ideals, to the great project which absorbed so much of his thoughts and to which all his political action tended, his last illness ceased while he was listening to the reading of the history of the conquest of the Holy Land by Godefroy de Bouillon. By order of the king, his remains were interred before the high altar of the Capuchin Church in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, near those of Père Ange de Joyeuse by whom he had been professed. Many of his religious brethren, more than one hundred and sixty of whom were present at the obsequies, shed tears, the most moved being Père Ange de Montagne, his companion, habitual secretary and ordinary confessor. Richelieu prayed and wept at his tomb. Three funeral orations at three separate services were delivered, two by Capuchins and one by a Carmelite, Father Leo, in presence of a congregation composed of prelates, princesses, knights, nobles, and representatives of the Parliament.

In summing up a thoughtful appreciation of the character and conduct of Père Joseph at the close of his elaborate study of his

[20] Fagniez.

life and times—a masterpiece of historical writing—Gustave Fagniez, says: "Father Joseph has reconciled in his person things wrongly considered as incompatible; meditation on the eternal truths and the management of men, religious cosmopolitanism and the national spirit, the loftiest abstractions and the art of unravelling situations and discovering expedients, asceticism and a busy life."[21] He has done more. He has added another to the many proofs that the Roman Church is a great school of statesmanship. It was not without sound reason that Richelieu selected his most intimate confidant and coöperator from the ranks of the religious Orders and looked toward the sanctuary for auxiliaries in his numerous enterprises. Anti-clericalism did not dominate the political thought of his epoch and create a cleavage between the Church and the State, as if religion and politics were things apart. Donoso Cortes says, if you probe any great political question to its depths you strike upon a Christian dogma. The true interests of Church and State are identical. The attempt to divorce politics or statecraft from religion is largely responsible for the moral perturbation, the social disturbance, and the impotence of European statesmen to grapple with the grave problems they have helped to create; and if France is to regain the position and prestige it once possessed, whether it remains a republic or reverts to a monarchy, if it is to rid itself of the petty tyranny of the fanatical sectaries who now direct its policy and dishonor the republic by outraging liberty in the name of law, it will need a great Catholic statesman of the type of Armand de Richelieu or Joseph du Tremblay.

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LOUIS VEUILLOT AND L'UNIVERS.

(Concluded.)

ONE can scarcely picture Veuillot save pen in hand; yet a somewhat comical little episode in his life presents him to us under quite another guise. During his temporary absence from the offices of *L'Univers*, early in 1841, General Bugeaud was named Governor-General of Algeria, and Veuillot was invited

[21] *Op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 445.

to accompany him, M. Guizot adding his own request to that of others, with the suggestion "while helping Bugeaud with his writing you can study the Algerian question for me." He consented, and leaving his forthcoming volume, *Rome et Lorette*, to the fostering care of his brother, he donned a uniform and sword, while he learned how to "stick on" a horse. "I am going to war!" he wrote home gaily; "I go off to-morrow, with that big sword which has preoccupied my mind so much during the past month." But he soon finds that "sword and cannon are two poor weapons; *we* are used to more terrible ones. . . . When I read my dear *Univers* I am mad at the thought of not being in France to strike out against . . . Ah! that *is* war! to fight against ideas!" And again, "I can think of nothing but writing, of some cut-and-thrusts in the pages of the *Univers*. I am only longing to trim pens and empty inkpots!" And in fact he soon fled back to "the inkpots."

To record in detail the various vicissitudes through which that now well-known Catholic organ passed within the first years of its existence would but weary our readers. Suffice it to say that Louis Veuillot became more and more absorbed in its interests and its successes, so much so indeed that he is said to have had "no time even to think of marriage;" his whole being was absorbed in the thought of "fighting for the Church" and in the formation of a Catholic party whose mouthpiece the *Univers* should become. And, in fact, what one notes above all in the character and career of the subject of these pages is an abounding measure of that apostolic spirit which knows no rest while there are souls to be saved or rights to fight for. From the moment when on his return from Rome "a convert" he resolved to "speak of God to all from whom he had received kindnesses"; when, in the following year, he had the supreme consolation of bringing a priest to his father's deathbed and procuring for the author of his being the blessing of a Christian death; or when some years later his beloved brother Eugene yielded at length to his incessant solicitations and became a practising Catholic, Veuillot never once fell short of the aim he had set before himself,—"to do all the good in life that one can possibly accomplish." And his "all" meant much.

In 1843, Du Lac entered the Benedictine Order, at Solesmes, and Veuillot wrote to his brother: "I am secretly chief editor, under the cloak of Père Bailly . . . nothing is done without my consent . . . and I have four thousand francs a year."

From that time in fact the *Univers* meant Veuillot. He made common cause with Montalembert, who had up till now helped mostly with the financial part of the concern, and the two fought hand in hand in all the questions of the day. When Montalembert quitted for a time the field of battle, to accompany his wife to Madeira, he followed the campaign from afar with staunchest championship, and expressed himself "transported with enthusiasm and sympathy" for their chief. "This Veuillot has charmed me; he is a man after my own heart," he wrote. And Veuillot on his side wrote to him: "May God protect the grand destiny he has for you! I do not know two men in all France who could render to the Church the services which you will give her!"

It was a battle over the education question which then, as now, was raging; and a few words are here necessary in explanation of the situation. When Napoleon III had seized the imperial sceptre and was engaged in the task of remodelling his new kingdom, one of the earliest questions to come before him was the question of education. Like many another statesman before him, he dreamed of a system of widespread State control which should train thousands of young citizens to manhood in one uniform mould, unbiassed by parental control, private influence, or religious direction. The State university was to be the centre from which all educational springs should flow, the source and arbiter of all conditions, the bestower of all degrees or rewards. A secularism not untainted with deeply rooted rationalism was to hold absolute control over all secondary schools, and to a large extent over the primary ones also; and this roused the more far-seeing among the Catholic leaders of thought to an expression of grave dissatisfaction. Montalembert, as leader of the Catholic Party, issued a kind of manifesto which so exactly describes the France of to-day that one feels that that country has as yet learned little by experience. He says:

"The Catholics of France have been accustomed for years to rely on everybody else except themselves. Numerous, rich, esteemed even

by their most violent adversaries, they lack only one thing, and that is courage. In public life they are Catholics last, instead of being Catholics before everything. They will never get what they seek until they make up their minds to act like men. Liberty is not given; it is won."

The editor of *L'Univers*, making common cause with the most energetic among the bishops of France, poured pages of denunciation and invective upon the government, in pamphlets, sold by thousands, as well as by his paper. "You will never silence Catholics save by justice or by force," he cried; "you will allow them to open their schools, or you will open the doors of prison to them!"

The government took the hint and condemned Veuillot to a month's imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine. Twenty bishops and a number of other subscribers promptly paid the fines of Veuillot and his manager, Barrier, and the two went gaily enough into solitary confinement, the former telling one of his friends that he was going to do the "Month of the Sacred Heart" devotion, "which I should never have had time to follow out in the world;" while the circulation of *L'Univers* naturally increased a thousandfold.

This was in 1844; and for some time afterward a certain amount of calm reigned in the religious world. Montalembert, encouraged by Mgr. Parisis, founded a "Committee for the Defence of Religious Liberty," of which *L'Univers* became, as a matter of course, the mouthpiece; and the prospects of its editor seemed more and more stable, if not exactly brilliant. Nevertheless, certain of the bishops became uneasy at what they considered to be an undue interference of the laity — Montalembert and Veuillot, in other words — in matters ecclesiastical (there has always been a singular mistrust of the laity among the French ecclesiastics), voiced by Mgr. Parisis in a pamphlet on "the rights and duties of the layman with reference to the liberties of the Church."

The famous war of the Sonderbund, in Switzerland, now burst like a thunderclap upon the religious world; and mingled with partisan cries for and against the Jesuit Order came the voice of dissonant politicians crying out for parliamentary order, for

democracy, for an alliance between the Catholic Party and the people, and again for the Church above all parties and for the Jesuits against their detractors.

Unhappily there was constant division within the Catholic camp; and, as the journalist himself worded it, "how content simultaneously M. Lacordaire, rather democratic; M. de Montalembert, dynastic; MM. Dupanloup and de Ravignan, legitimists; M. Lenormant, *doctrinaire* and follower of Guizot?"

Veuillot himself was extremely anxious that Montalembert, whose very name was synonymous with the best Catholic lay element in France, should take command of the situation. "Montalembert *must* be the general," he wrote, "and where he is general, I can be but a volunteer." A committee had, as we have said, been formed for the safeguarding of Catholic interests, composed of five prominent men, Montalembert, Lacordaire, de Ravignan, Lenormant, and Dupanloup; but unhappily M. Foisset, one of Veuillot's confrères, was soon forced to remind his brother editor of "the intimate discord which has so long existed between MM. Dupanloup and Lacordaire, between the same M. Dupanloup, legitimist and Gallican, and M. de Montalembert, who is neither the one nor the other; between the Jesuits (P. de Ravignan) and the Dominicans (P. Lacordaire)."

When M. de Falloux—named Minister of Public Worship by the then government precisely as being one of the Catholic Party—brought forward his long-projected Education Bill, Montalembert first opposed and then almost unaccountably succumbed to his argument, and with the rest of the Catholic Committee passed into the ranks of the Liberals, already represented by Lacordaire, Ozanam, and Maret, and their organ, the *Ère Nouvelle*, founded and maintained in opposition to the *Univers*, on the lines of concession and a kind of "educational concordat." Veuillot, and all the French bishops, with the exception of Dupanloup, continued to oppose the bill, and a brief but stormy period ensued; but it was eventually considered advisable, at Rome, to accept the concessions offered, and to authorize and even advise the bishops to take part in the governmental councils of education. So *L'Univers* obediently expressed its submission to authority, the De Falloux law was passed—in 1850—and the whole question

closed; not altogether unsatisfactorily, since the university monopoly was now done away with, and free schools and colleges began rapidly to rise everywhere. No less than 250 *collèges libres*, as they are still termed, were established within the short space of two years, in opposition to the Government *lycées*, and in 1854 their numbers had further increased to 1,081, with 25,000 scholars, exclusive of the diocesan seminaries, whose students were destined more or less exclusively for the priesthood. Indeed, in many instances, the *lycées* had to be closed for lack of pupils, so warmly was what would now be called denominational education accepted by the nation.

When the Catholic committee met for the last time, its sitting was passed in dissensions and mutual recriminations. "It is finished!" said Montalembert sadly, as the meeting broke up. "What does it matter?" answered Dupanloup and De Falloux; "the Catholic party has accomplished its work!"

Meanwhile another and one would have supposed vastly minor point had for some time been hotly discussed between the rival parties. About 1844, Mgr. Parisis, considering the almost exclusive study of pagan authors to be a danger to Catholic youth, put forward a suggestion that at least the religious teaching institutes should give larger place to the Christian classics. The abbé Gaume, a well-known writer, continued on the same lines, with a lengthy work on "Paganism in Education." His arguments met with widespread approval, amongst others from Montalembert and Veuillot, who took up the question, as he did all those of the moment, enthusiastically. The liberal party, through their organs, *L'Ami de la Religion* and *Le Correspondant*, were up in arms at once and made common cause with the secular press in accusing Gaume and his adherents of "trying to revert to the barbarism of the Middle Ages." Mgr. Dupanloup, now Bishop of Orleans, entered the lists with a letter to his seminary professors on behalf of the classics, and when replied to by Veuillot in the columns of the *Univers*, interdicted that paper throughout his seminaries, and called on his brother bishops to do likewise. Their replies were varied and unsatisfactory, and the affair finally died out for the moment, to be renewed however in 1853, when a vicar general of the Orleans diocese was so ill advised as to attack Veuillot again

on the subject. That brilliant journalist soon used his mordant pen to such purpose that the mortified ecclesiastic was perforce silenced and chafing, under the repulse, laid a formal complaint before the Archbishop of Paris.

But before this date, certain events of the gravest importance had changed the face alike of the political and the religious world. The *Coup d'état*, and Louis Napoleon's advent to supreme power, had been accepted with frank loyalty by the Catholic party in France; who dreaded the reign of democracy. Pope Gregory XVI, who had held the *Univers* in small esteem, while his minister, Lambruschini, loved it even less, had been succeeded by Pius IX. Another Archbishop of Paris, too, Mgr. Sibour, had succeeded Mgr. Affre, shot down among the fatal barricades while imploring peace, and Mgr. Sibour came to the throne announcing that "*L'Univers* est mon journal."

But rightly or wrongly it soon appeared that Veuillot's organ was—the organ of Veuillot! and not that of the Archbishop of Paris. Another new journal was therefore started as the archiepiscopal mouthpiece, *Le Moniteur Catholique*, to the inaugural dinner of which the rival editor was invited; and a story is told of how, as the somewhat perplexed Archbishop was endeavoring to word a gracious definition of the differences they might expect to find between the two Catholic papers, in his after-dinner speech, the irrepressible Veuillot broke in with: "In fact, the *Moniteur* is to be Mary, and meditate in the drawing-room, while *L'Univers* will be Martha, and do the rough work!" The "Mary" in this instance succumbed after a brief existence of six months, leaving her more vigorous sister in possession of the field, but, unfortunately, still out of favor with Mgr. Sibour, whose irritation grew apace, until he actually interdicted *L'Univers* throughout the diocese, and went so far as to threaten the editor with excommunication on the grounds of certain "heresies" said to be found among his writings.

As it happened, on the selfsame day that the news of the archiepiscopal censure arrived in Rome, Louis Veuillot was there, and was receiving Holy Communion from the hands of the Supreme Pontiff in the Vatican Chapel. Pius IX, who had always shown the greatest cordiality to the great Catholic journalist, was

profoundly moved when he learned the news. "Ah, they do not know what pain they have given me!" he exclaimed. "I could have understood their giving a paternal warning to the editors of the *Univers*, but to condemn with such exceeding severity a paper which has defended the Holy See for the last twenty years, while giving not one single word of blame to the irreligious and infidel newspapers,—it is inconceivable! It is inconceivable! However, there is something for me to do there, *and I will do it!*"

So without delay Mgr. Fioramonti, Secretary for Latin letters of his Holiness, was bidden to write a formal letter to M. Veuillot. The Papal Brief—for it was that and no less—commended the faithful journalist for "having devoted all his strength, all his talent, all his ardor to the service of the Church." It encouraged him, further, to "treat of the topics of the day," but with moderation and gentleness, that his opponents might have no pretext for accusing his principles of error, and it ended with the words "I have confidence that those who for the moment are in opposition to you, will soon be unanimous in praising the talent and the zeal with which you unceasingly uphold religion and the Apostolic See."

It is needless to say that the publication of this article caused the profoundest stupefaction to the archiepiscopal circle. The prelate himself received a letter from Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State to Pius IX, requesting him to withdraw his condemnation of Veuillot, and the Papal Encyclical which appeared soon after, known as the Encyclical "Inter multiplices," gave a further blow to semi-liberal tactics. The French bishops in a body were exhorted to favor to their utmost all Catholic journalists, "and to warn them *prudently and paternally* if, in their writings, anything undesirable appeared."

To save appearances Veuillot was requested by Rome to write to the Archbishop of Paris, praying him "for the sake of peace and the Church" to withdraw his condemnation; and of course he did so, when Mgr. Sibour responded by "voluntarily" withdrawing his censure.

It is the saddest part of all this sad story of conflict that, according to the old Gospel saying, a man's foes were "they of his own household;" and that the bitter, ceaseless strife of forty

years was not, for the most part, with the enemy without the fold, but with those whom history has enshrined as the noblest names among the Catholic champions of France. The eloquence and intellect of Lacordaire, the fervor of a de Ravignan, the sympathetic sweetness of a Dupanloup, the loyal courage of a Montalembert, the practical piety of an Ozanam, all—can we doubt it? —filled with love for one common Master and Lord, all faithful, zealous sons of the One Church,—and yet—and yet unable in some measure to appreciate with generosity the efforts of one another.

True it was that Louis Veuillot was not only a layman and thus an "outsider," but also from his lack of mental training, his absolute want of that special knowledge of his subject which it requires years of serious education to attain to, was liable to rush into inexactitudes, not to say errors, on theological topics, to which his many opponents were not slow to draw attention. It is probable also that as far as his own judgment went, he was hardly the man to pronounce on so delicate a point of mental culture as that regarding the study of pagan classics; yet surely, if, as Jules Lemaitre asserted, "cet homme fût d'une étrange franchise, et, contre l'opinion commune, doux et humble de cœur,"[1] some coalition upon the lines of mental forbearance had been possible, which would have used, yet guided, that fiery pen, that splendid audacity which knew no middle course and feared no foe, in the defence of the Church, her rights, and her glories.

"It will ever be the great glory of Louis Veuillot," writes one who appreciates his life work, "to have cast aside the humiliating and illogical programme of the liberal school of thought, to take back the traditional programme of Christian polemics. In his hands the latter turned, so to speak, to the right about. Up to 1840 it had merely taken up a position on the defensive. With Veuillot, it now took the offensive; and from the shrieks of the enemy which attested the home thrusts of that pitiless stiletto, his pen, all Catholics learned that the time had come, no more to hang their heads in shame, but to hold them high and fearlessly before the world."

[1] "This man was singularly frank and, contrary to the received opinion of him, meek and humble of heart."

"They reproach me with my fierce invective and my bitter words," he avowed one day, "but do they think that it is easy to calculate each word *in the thick of the fight?* I am a sharp-shooter, always in the centre of the battle; I load and fire my gun in desperate haste: what wonder if it crackles a little?" On another occasion he wrote to a friend: "This warfare is very cruel, very wearing; it does not discourage me, but it is difficult for one not to succumb under it." And again: "I am escorting the Church, Justice, and Liberty—those divine travellers—through the world, as one escorts some precious convoy, armed with revolvers." Thus his attitude was ever and avowedly so, that of a soldier rather than a preacher, of a combatant rather than a controversialist.

Now began a time in which the points at issue were no longer local, partial, or merely national, but of vast political import and of worldwide resonance. With the defeat of Austria, the enlargement of Piedmontese ambitions, and the advance of Garibaldi toward Rome, the world began to ask: What attitude would France take? What line would Napoleon follow? Would he defend the Holy See? Unfortunately, loyal Catholics the world over had too much reason to fear that Napoleon's policy was in favor of Cavour, and of the projects for a "United Italy;" and the French bishops now began to publish pastorals warning their flocks of the danger to the Holy See which lay beneath specious assurances of loyalty, and of maintaining the "rights of the Pope." Mgr. Parisis was the first to publish such a warning, and his pastoral was at once published in full in the *Univers*. The government thereupon issued a direct prohibition to that paper against the publication of any further pastorals on the subject. An anxious discussion between proprietor and staff—Veuillot burning to defy the authorities, but its proprietor urging prudence—resulted in a kind of compromise, the publication of the government prohibition, accompanied by a strong editorial remonstrance. Presently a pamphlet, entitled *The Pope and the Congress*, which suggested the relinquishing by the Pope of the Papal States, anonymous, but universally believed to voice the views of the Emperor, if not actually penned by him, appeared, and was promptly replied to by Veuillot in the *Univers*, and by the Pope himself in a strong

Allocution in which he declared that he would never yield an inch of the territory entrusted to his charge. This Allocution, in spite of the direct threats, Veuillot reproduced in full in his paper, and then some days later the supreme moment came. The editor of the *Univers* received from the Papal Nuncio a new Encyclical, "Nullis certe," which condemned both Victor Emmanuel and Louis Napoleon, and protested before the whole world against the coming spoliation of papal territory. "This is our death warrant," said Veuillot to his staff, as they read the document; and while some more timorous spirits debated the necessity for its publication, "a Catholic paper," said their chief gravely, "has no motive for existence if it does not make known the acts of the Head of the Church. We have only to die well, with an Encyclical for our winding sheet!"

So the Encyclical appeared; and that same evening the paper was definitively suppressed by authority. We are told that crowds visited the office of the paper to tender their sympathy, and even the most hostile papers were unanimous in their condemnation of this arbitrary act. Foreign ecclesiastics and laymen, too, sent messages of condolence or applause, and the Pope himself addressed a congratulatory Brief to "his beloved son, Louis Veuillot, and the co-editors of the *Univers*," after having received a touching address from its staff, penned doubtless by their chief, as follows:

"After the blow which has just been struck, the first care and the greatest consolation of the staff of the *Univers* is to throw ourselves at the feet of your Holiness. Our work has ceased, but our hearts are more than ever filled with that zeal with which, thank God, they have ever been animated. Devoted children of the Holy Roman Church, we are proud to have fallen for daring to publish to the world the words of the Pope. It was an Encyclical of Pius IX that called *L'Univers* into being; it is for an Encyclical of Pius IX that it has now been condemned to die. Our journal has ever been loyal to you, most Holy Father, and our hearts, and our works, and ourselves, we devote entirely to your service. Our resolution is to remain united if we can. If this is impossible, if we are obliged to separate, then each of us shall strive to promote our common object; and in the meantime, if your Holiness wishes to assign to any of us a particular part, we are ready to obey."

In anticipation perhaps of this "particular part," Veuillot himself hastened to Rome, and it was there, while kneeling at the feet of Pius IX, that the Pontiff, laying fatherly and consoling hands upon the head of this faithful son, whispered, as he bent over him, "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice' sake!" words which, as he afterward declared, "consoled him for many an ass's kick!" In 1867 Veuillot, who had been working among the staff of the *Monde* in a diligent, but unpretentious fashion, while awaiting better days, was permitted to re-issue his beloved *Univers*, and soon plunged with zest into a fresh campaign, that of combating the widespread spirit of Gallicanism which, as is well known, pervaded Catholic France, its theologians and ecclesiastics, with Mgr. Dupanloup as its principal exponent. It was the Gallican party in France which raised the cry of *inopportunism* before and during the Vatican Council; and Veuillot's aim was to combat, if not to suppress, that movement of opposition to the proclamation of the dogma of Infallibility. At the opening of the Council Veuillot was in Rome; and some graceful stories are told of his presence there. One such anecdote tells of how, on the inaugural day, the gates of the Vatican were guarded by pontifical zouaves, who had orders to let none pass save bishops. While these venerable members of the Council were passing in, one by one, a layman mingled with them and approached the guarded gateway. It was barred by its guards; but "I am M. Louis Veuillot," quietly remarked the newcomer. "A prince!" exclaimed the zouave-sentinel, stepping back and saluting; and the *soldier of Pius IX* passed in.

During the sitting of the Vatican Council, "Il mio Veuillot," as the Pontiff affectionately called him, became a familiar figure in the ecclesiastical circles in Rome, and the French College in particular made him an ever welcome guest. Here, surrounded by its inmates, and by groups of French bishops, Veuillot would give free rein to his witty and *spirituel* tongue, in comment or discussion over the questions of the day, or in descriptions of literary adventures. One of them having asked how he spent his day, "Oh," he replied, "I begin by a *bundle of prayers*, and then I read all the bad newspapers and choose which among them I shall break the back of!" Another day a Roman prelate began to

congratulate the journalist, in the presence of several French bishops, on his services to the Church, "Monseigneur," replied Veuillot, "I am but a trooper—there," motioning toward the bishops, "are our generals!" He was touchingly humble when the religious world sought to make much of him, and those who knew him only as attacking priests, systems, bishops, in the columns of the *Univers*, must have marvelled at his personal self-effacement before every ecclesiastical dignitary. Another sufficiently characteristic incident, though not belonging to this period, is related of the supposedly arrogant and presumptuous *layman*. A certain bishop once invited him to a meeting at the *grand seminaire*, a diocesan seminary, and then entreated him to give an address to the students. Veuillot, however, humbly replied, "I am in presence of *the Teaching Church;* I have but to be silent." And when still further pressed, he stood up and addressed the assembly in these words, "Gentlemen, I am in the Church—at your service—like the *suisse* (beadle), and I take my staff of office and belabor, when it is necessary, any daring and intruding animal which, by its harsh noise, disturbs the peace of that holy place!"

The true history of his relations with the Vatican Council, in all its details, has yet to be published in the forthcoming volume of his brother's biography, from whose earlier pages much of the foregoing has been gathered; but we all know its larger outlines, the triumphant proclamation of Papal Infallibility, the fall of Rome, and interruption of the Council, and the disastrous Franco-German war which, for a time at least, suspended all ecclesiastical considerations.

Veuillot himself soon after failed in health, and for seven long years was condemned to a life of gradual inaction, the slow failure of power and strength, until in 1883 the end came, and as he has himself so beautifully worded it,

"Placez à mon côté ma plume,
Sur mon cœur le Christ, mon orgueil,
Sous mes pieds mettez ce volume,
Et clouez en paix le cercueil.

Après la dernière prière,
Sur ma fosse plantez la croix,

Et si l'on me donne une pierre,
Gravez dessus : ' J'ai cru, je vois.'

Dites entre vous, ' Il sommeille,
Son dur labeur est achevé,'
Ou plûtot, dites, ' Il s'eveille,
Il voit ce qu'il a tant rêvé.'

J'espère en Jésus : sur la terre
Je n'ai pas rougi de sa loi ;
Au dernier jour, devant son Père,
Il ne rougira pas de moi."

Which we may venture to render thus :—

Place by my side my silent pen,
Upon my heart the Christ of men,
Beneath my feet a volume lay,
Then close my coffin from light of day.

When prayers have saved my soul from loss,
Above my grave plant holy cross,
And if ye raise above a stone,
Write "I believed—I see ;" alone.

Murmur "He sleeps, and all is well,
His labor o'er, in grave to dwell,"
Or, rather, say "He waketh now,
And sees, what he had dreamed below."

I hope in Jesus—on this earth
I was not shamed of my new birth;
And at the last, before the Throne,
I humbly trust He will me own.

And if, as Father Faber once wrote, "The Church is God's devotion, His complacency. He loves it with a special, an electing love. . . . It is His choicest way of loving us. It is our choicest way of loving Him ;" then surely, to that Martha's task which Louis Veuillot set himself on earth, there was added another blessing, the blessing of Mary's "better part," which shall not be taken away from him—forever.

T. L. L. Teeling.

London, England.

NOTES ON THE ORIGIN OF THE MELODY OF THE "ADESTE FIDELES."

WITH the exception of the *Dies Irae* and the *Stabat Mater*, it is doubtful if there is a more popular hymn in our churches than the *Adeste Fideles*. For close on two hundred years this cento—for the entire hymn is hardly ever sung—has been inseparably associated with the Christmas season, and yet both words and music cannot be traced farther back than 1720. It is extraordinary what a romantic halo encircles some of our best known hymns and folk tunes. Frequently on the principle of *omne ignotum pro mirifico*, the most widely differing accounts of many popular sacred melodies are to be met with, and in several cases any attempt to trace either the author or composer has proved elusive.

Until a few years back the more generally received account of the origin of the *Adeste Fideles* was that the music was due to John Reading, organist of Winchester College, about the year 1680. This account was first circulated by Vincent Novello, organist of the Portuguese Chapel, London, from 1797 to 1822, and of the pro-Cathedral, Moorfields, from 1840 to 1843,[1] who printed the melody in his *Home Music* (1843), set to Psalm 106, with the heading: "Air by Reading, 1680." The following is an extract from Novello's note as to the air:

"John Reading was a pupil of Dr. Blow (the master of Purcell) and was first employed at Lincoln Cathedral. He afterwards became organist to St. John's Hackney, and finally of St. Dunstan's in the West and St. Mary's, Woolnoth, London. He published toward the end of the seventeenth century a collection of anthems of his own composition, and his productions are generally esteemed for their tastefully simple melodies and appropriately natural harmonies. This piece obtained its name of 'The Portuguese Hymn' from the accidental circumstance of the Duke of Leeds, who was a director of the Concert of Ancient Music, many years since (about the year 1785), having heard the hymn first performed at the Portuguese Chapel, and who, supposing it to be peculiar to the service in Portugal, introduced the melody at the Ancient Concerts, giving it the title of the 'Portuguese Hymn,' by which appellation this very favorite and

[1] His daughter Clara, Countess of Gigliucci, born in 1818, is still living in Rome. She was the leading English soprano from 1839 till her retirement in 1860.

popular tune has ever since been distinguished; but it is by no means confined to the choir of the Portuguese Chapel, being the regular Christmas hymn, *Adeste Fideles*, that is sung in every Catholic chapel throughout England."

Let me now briefly examine Novello's historical note. The melody is said to be the composition of John Reading in 1680, a pupil of Dr. Blow, etc. The fact is that this John Reading, whose organ appointments are quoted, was not born till 1677, and consequently was only three years old in 1680, which date is assigned for the publication of a collection of anthems including the *Adeste Fideles!* His birth took place in 1677, and his Book of Anthems was published in 1716. He died in London, on September 25, 1764. Almost needless to add, the *Adeste Fideles* does not appear among the Anthems.

But there were three John Readings. I have disposed of one, leaving the other two to be dealt with. John Reading (No. 2), organist of Winchester Cathedral, is by some accredited as the composer of the Christmas hymn. He was lay vicar of Lincoln Cathedral in 1667, and Master of the Choristers there in 1670. In 1675 he succeeded Randall Jewitt at Winchester, which position he held till 1681, when he was replaced by Daniel Roseingrave.

From 1681 to his death in 1692, he was organist and music master of Winchester College, and is said to have composed the College "Graces" including the celebrated *Dulce domum*, printed in *Harmonia Wykehamica*, in 1808. His claim to the *Adeste Fideles* rests on no evidence, and indeed it is very doubtful if he composed *Dulce domum*, which I may remark smacks strongly of the flavor of "Papa" Haydn.

Just a word as to the claim of John Reading (No. 3). This composer was organist of Chichester Cathedral from 1674 to 1720, and the only evidence yet brought forward in support of his alleged composition of the *Adeste Fideles* is the similarity of name with the other two above mentioned.

Let us now come to the actual manuscripts and printed copies of the hymn from 1745 to 1845, after which latter year the setting as at present used came into general vogue. But first I must dismiss a recent legend to the effect that the air is to be found in a sixteenth century Gradual of the Cistercian Order. I have examined the Cistercian Gradual of various dates within the six-

teenth century, and nothing approaching a modernly constructed tune, such as is the *Adeste Fideles*, is to be found therein. An esteemed member of the Cistercian community at Mount Melleray corroborates this statement, but internal evidence alone would be tolerably conclusive as pointing to the first quarter of the eighteenth century. I may further state that no tune even remotely resembling the Christmas hymn is to be found in the printed composition of John Reading (No. 1), or yet in his ten autograph manuscript volumes at present belonging to Dr. W. H. Cummings, of London.

The oldest existing manuscript of the melody so far discovered is in a volume of Masses and motets formerly belonging to Father Peter Kenny, S.J., the founder of Clongowes Wood College, Co. Kildare (Ireland), containing autograph musical scores of various dates between the years 1740 and 1749. In this volume is an extraordinary musical *tour de force*, namely a 48-part Mass, arranged for twelve choirs of four voices each. I frequently examined this old folio during the years that I was master at Clongowes Wood College, some twenty years ago.

Of somewhat later date is another precious musical manuscript, now belonging to the Jesuit Fathers of the English Province, at Stonyhurst College, near Blackburn, in Lancashire. This manuscript is beautifully penned throughout by Father John Francis Wade, and the date 1751 is clearly given in the book, being written for a certain Nicholas King. The title-page runs as follows: "Cantus diversi pro Dominicis et Festis per annum: Gloria Patri, post Introitum, Kyrie, Gloria in excelsis, Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei. Cum Hymnis et Antiphonis ad Elevationem et Benedictionem. Et ex praecordiis sonent praeconia. Nicolaus King, ejus Cantus. Joannes Franciscus Wade, scriptor. Anno Domini MDCCLI."

Whilst the Clongowes manuscript has merely the tune, the Stonyhurst volume has words and music.[2] In the latter manuscript there are only four verses,—the first, second, seventh, and eighth of the full text; and the music is given for each stanza, the hymn being headed "In Nativitate Domini Hymnus," or, as it was more generally termed, "Christmas Hymn." Thus in

[2] A third MS. containing the words and music of the *Adeste Fideles* is now in St. Edmund's College, Ware (England). It is dated 1760, and does not materially differ from the Stonyhurst MS.

1750 the original eight verses had been reduced to the present cento, but it is of interest to state that the Latin verses generally sung at the same period in France were the first, third, fifth, and sixth.[3]

The first printed version of the tune is in an extremely rare volume of *Hymns for Catholic Service*, published in 1766 by Charles Barbandt, organist of the Bavarian Chapel in London. Sixteen years later, in 1782, the hymn-tune appeared in a little book entitled *An Essay on the Church Plain Chant*, published by an *Irish Catholic* in London. This small volume, also very rare, is in three parts, and the *Adeste Fideles* was printed in Part II, which is described as "containing several Anthems, Litanies, Proses, and Hymns, as they are sung in the Public Chapels at London."

It has been suggested that Samuel Webbe, senior, arranged the music for Coghlan's volume, and he certainly composed many of the pieces contained in the second part; but his claim as composer of the *Adeste Fideles* cannot at all be entertained inasmuch as the air is to be met with in 1745, when Webbe was but five years of age. Moreover the tune was simply taken from Barbandt's volume, printed in 1766, doubtless with the permission of Barbandt, who was Webbe's teacher, and we have no evidence that Webbe composed anything prior to the year 1761, when he became Barbandt's deputy at the chapel of the Bavarian embassy.

We next find the air included in Webbe's *Collection of Motets or Antiphons* published in London in 1792, and thenceforward it was included in almost every collection of sacred music. The first copy I have met with as printed in Ireland is in a small collection issued by P. Wogan of Dublin in 1805, just a hundred years ago. I give this setting on the opposite page.

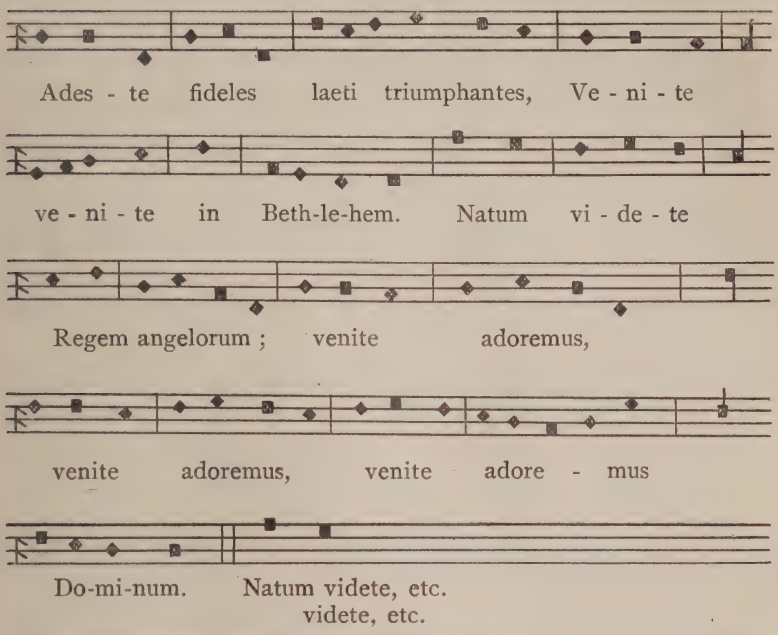
The earliest known copy of the Latin words of the hymn is in Father Wade's manuscript (1751), but their first appearance in print cannot be traced farther back than the year 1760 when the Christmas Hymn was included in "the evening office of the Church." In this work, of which three previous editions—none of which contained the hymn—had appeared respectively in 1710,

[3] In December, 1901, an interesting setting of the *Adeste Fideles* with the full text of eight verses was published by Dom Samuel Gregory Ould, O.S.B. Each of the eight verses had an accompaniment by eight modern composers, including Sir Walter Parrott and Sir Hubert Parry.

1725, and 1748, the *Adeste Fideles* is prefaced as follows: "From the Nativity of our Lord to the Purification exclusively; whilst the Benediction is giving is sung *Adeste Fideles.*"

ADESTE FIDELES.

FROM CHRISTMAS TO THE OCTAVE OF EPIPHANY. [1805]


Ades - te fideles laeti triumphantes, Ve - ni - te
ve - ni - te in Beth-le-hem. Natum vi - de - te
Regem angelorum ; venite adoremus,
venite adoremus, venite adore - mus
Do-mi-num. Natum videte, etc.
videte, etc.

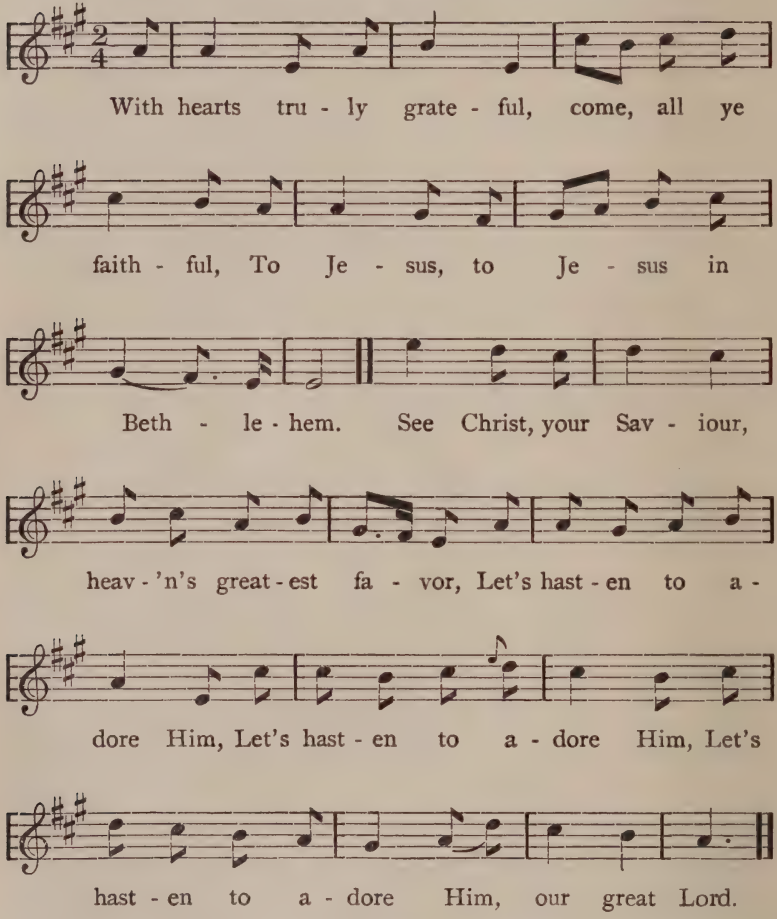
English words were adapted to the hymn about the year 1825, and another version was given by Father William Young, of Dublin in 1840, printed with the music in the *Catholic Choralist* (Dublin), in 1842. As Father Young was regarded as a saint equally with his brother, Father Charles Young (whose life has been charmingly written by Lady Georgiana Fullerton), many readers may be glad to see this specimen by his translation, given with the music on page 712.

At length in 1841, Canon Oakley, then Rector of St. Margaret's, London, wrote a new translation of the hymn, which was published in 1844. The year following, he became a convert. It is this translation which has ever since been sung in Anglican churches, commencing: "O come all ye faithful." It was included in *Hymns Ancient and Modern.* The English words, however, do not go so smoothly with the music as the original Latin. It

is almost unnecessary to add that the Latin words are universally sung in our Catholic churches, and the tune is generally played as a prelude and postlude on Christmas morning.

ADESTE FIDELES. [1842]

SUNG EACH DAY FROM CHRISTMAS TILL THE OCTAVE OF THE EPIPHANY AT MASS, VESPERS, AND BENEDICTION.


With hearts tru - ly grate - ful, come, all ye
faith - ful, To Je - sus, to Je - sus in
Beth - le - hem. See Christ, your Sav - iour,
heav - 'n's great - est fa - vor, Let's hast - en to a -
dore Him, Let's hast - en to a - dore Him, Let's
hast - en to a - dore Him, our great Lord.

To sum up. It may be taken as tolerably certain that the words and music of this tuneful Christmas hymn go back to the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and are to be attributed to a Catholic source and for Catholic worship.

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Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

Science and Dread.—It is one of the stock phrases of the materialistic scientists that agnosticism frees the mind from the incubus of the dread that it is so likely to harbor because of the belief in the hereafter, of a judgment and a reckoning to come, of a punishment to be borne even though there may be for many people an eventual reward. Agnostic scientists often claim that one of the most striking advantages of their mode of thought is that it rids them of all this dread and fear. It is they who quote, as sometimes it is said Scripture can be quoted against itself, the expression that they are the children of light and enjoy the freedom of such children. A very curious commentary on all these claims, which is at the same time an extremely interesting bit of psychology, is to be found in a recent essay on Herbert Spencer's state of mind and his own by an ardent disciple of the late positivist philosopher. I suppose that the thought of this freedom from the overhanging dread of a hereafter has attracted more of the so-called intelligent people to indulge in agnostic views than almost any other bait that could have been held out to them.

Now it turns out that the agnostic philosophers do not enjoy any such freedom from dread of the hereafter as they themselves boast of when attracting disciples. In their sincerer moments when uttering the thoughts of their communion with themselves all the old dread is there, only expressed in different terms. Lefcadio Hearn, whose recent death in Japan attracted so much attention because of the fact that it was said that he had given up Christianity and had become practically a Shintoist, left some essays which have been published posthumously. In one of them, called "Ultimate Questions," there is the following with regard to the teacher whom he loved so well and whose word had come to be gospel for him: —

"But Herbert Spencer tells us that, apart from the conception of these geometrical mysteries, the problem of naked Space itself became for him, in the twilight of his age, an obsession and a dismay. And then comes the thought of this universal matrix itself, anteceding alike creation or evolution, whichever be assumed, and infinitely transcending both, if conceived at all, must be conceived as having had beginnings while Space had no beginning. The thought of this blank form of existence which explored in all directions as far as imagination can reach, had, beyond that, an unexplored region, compared with which the part which imagination has traversed is but infinitesimal—the thought of a Space compared with which our immeasurable sidereal system dwindles to a point—is a thought too overwhelming to be dwelt upon. Of late years the consciousness that without origin or cause Infinite Space has ever existed and must ever exist produced in me a feeling from which I shrink."

It is rather curious to find that this nineteenth century philosopher, having put aside all other superstitions, should be so much in dread of this Brocken spectre of Infinite Space which his own imagination has conjured up. It would be amusing if it were not so tragic to think of all the harm that has been done under the supposition that all of these dreads were to vanish before the spread of pure science. It would seem, however, as if they were rooted so deeply in human nature that they cannot be got rid of so easily as these over-contented, self-sufficient scientific philosophers would think. Herbert Spencer's dread, however, of the universal matrix and of Infinite Space seems to have been nothing compared with that of his disciple, Lefcadio Hearn. He has much to say about it, and in terms that are not so readily understood, perhaps, as those of his master. Here is one paragraph, for instance: —

"How the idea of Infinite Space may affect a mind incomparably more powerful than my own, I cannot know; neither can I divine the nature of certain problems which the laws of space-relation present to the geometrician. But when I try to determine the cause of the horror which that idea evokes within my own feeble imagination, I am able to distinguish different elements of the motion,—particular forms of terror responding to particular ideas (rational and irrational)

suggested by the revelations of science. One feeling—perhaps the main element of the horror—is made by the thought of being prisoned for ever and ever within that unutterable viewlessness which occupies Infinite Space."

Verily we who have clung to what these scientific agnostics might call old superstitions are better off than they are in having a definite subject for dread,—our own failure to live in harmony with the Will of the Universe and the inevitable punishment that must follow. Yet this horror that may be analyzed into so many elements of terror, of which the late Mr. Hearn speaks, came to men who boasted that they had rid themselves of all taint of the old dreads. And thus agnosticism promises and fulfils.

Some Modern Scientific Ideas as to Space.—Space has always had a certain curious attraction for the speculative mind. The young philosopher is likely to find more difficulty in accepting the ordinary ideas with regard to it and getting away from certain imaginary concepts that will force themselves on the mind than almost any other universal idea that comes to him. While on the one hand the so-called agnostics have found space a subject for dread, on the other some peculiar ideas have recently been expressed with regard to it by modern mathematicians. Not long since Prof. George Bruce Halstead, of Kenyon College, Ohio, who is one of the authorities on pure mathematics in this country, demonstrated as he thought that the world has outgrown Euclidean geometry and that a different idea of space will have to be entertained if we wish to develop mathematics to its furthermost limit and even understand some of the difficulties in the physical world around us. He said: The possibility of explaining "mass," the fundamental property of matter, as a function of "electric charge," is on the point of banishing both ordinary gross matter and also ether, since the principle of parsimony forbids needless hypothetical entities. Now the relation between the two opposite electricities so closely resembles that between Bolyaian and Riemannean space that as Clifford adumbrated we may expect to see matter, ether, and electricity banished in favor of *space*, the various and changing geometries of which will be found adequate to account for all the phenomena of the material world.

Furthermore, these geometries of physical space will be found not to be "continuous," but to be the varied and changing "tactical" arrangements of a discrete,—a discontinuous manifold consisting of indivisible units. The notion of continuous extension so long considered ultimate will by this simplification be subsumed under the fully ultimate notion of juxtaposition with which Lobachevski begins his great treatise *Noviya nachala*, in whose very first article he says of it: "This simple idea derives from no other and so is subject to no further explanation."

This statement with regard to space represents a set of ideas entirely outside of ordinary experience, and scarcely within the power of the common imagination. As a matter of fact, imagination must be banished from the field entirely in most of these questions of non-Euclidean space. It is curious, however, to find abstruse concepts of this kind finding room for discussion even as bits of popular science. Once before we called attention to the fact that many of the speculations of the mediæval philosophers are laughed at at the present day because of their supposed inanity; surely the modern mathematician, however, while by no means inane, should furnish a warning to those who would be hilarious over ideas that they do not understand, since they may be of special significance to the mind capable of appreciating them.

American vs. European Science and Discovery.—We called attention some years ago to the gracious appreciation of American Science expressed by Professor Waldeyer, of Berlin, who came as the delegate to represent the University of Berlin at the Bicentennial of Yale. He had another opportunity to visit America last year on the occasion of the meeting of the Congress of Arts and Sciences at the Exposition at St. Louis. He has recently expressed in Germany the most decided views with regard to the progress that science is making in America, and especially in the research departments of the various sciences. He was emphatic in his insistence to his German hearers that it is an error to suppose that in America material interests are supreme. He was even specific in the honorable mention which he gave to certain of our distinctively American institutions.

"I find that over there they stand equal to us in all essential points, in the kind and method of scientific work, in the value of the same, in the equipment and arrangement of laboratories, in materials for instruction and in the form and mode of imparting knowledge. Visit the great workshop of Alexander Agassiz in Cambridge; the Anatomical Institutes of Huntington in New York, at Columbia University, and of Mall in Baltimore; the Peabody Museum, so brilliantly filled by Marsh, at Yale, etc., and you will say that I am right. In a few years the new buildings of the Medical School at Harvard will be ready. . . . It may be prophesied that in them we shall have the best to be seen anywhere."

Professor Orth, who succeeded Virchow in the Chair of Pathology at Berlin, probably the most important medical post in the world, said nearly the same thing as Waldeyer after a visit here. Both of them agree in the declaration that it will not be long before foreign medical and other scientific students will have to come to America in order to complete their education as so many Americans have been going to Europe during the past century.

Studies and Conferences.

A MEDICAL ESTIMATE OF PRAYER.

In a number of the religious newspapers references have been made to the fact that at the last annual meeting of the British Medical Association a testimony was given to the therapeutic value of prayer, which deserves to be borne in mind, since it is so often supposed that scientific medical men are prone to be sceptical about the influence of prayer. The utterance came from Dr. Theodore Hyslop, Superintendent of Bethlem Royal Hospital, which is one of the most important institutions for the care of nervous and mental diseases in the United Kingdom. Dr. Hyslop is a distinguished specialist in neurology and has gained a wide reputation for his suggestions with regard to the treatment of mental diseases. Under the circumstances, his words must be considered as of very special import. It has seemed worth while, then, to give his opinion in the exact words he used on the occasion:

"As an alienist and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depressed spirits and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer."

It matters not, in Dr. Hyslop's view, what are one's theological conceptions—anthropomorphic or rationalistic—of the infinite environment with which prayer attempts to commune; the effect is the same:

"Let there be but a habit of nightly communion not as a mendicant or repeater of words more adapted to the tongue of a sage, but as a humble individual who submerges or asserts his individuality as an integral part of a greater whole. Such a habit does more to clean the spirit and strengthen the soul to overcome mere incidental emotionalism than any other therapeutic agent known to me."

Dr. Hyslop recognizes that there are two dangers out of which nervous diseases spring and are perpetuated. One of these is religious fanaticism, and the other is religious indifference. As Dr. Hyslop said: "I believe it to be our object as teachers and physicians to fight against all the influences which tend to produce either religious intemperance or indifference and to subscribe as best we may to that form of religious belief, so far as we can find it practically embodied or effective, which believes in the larger hope, though it condemns unreservedly the demonstrable superstition and sentimentality which impede its progress."

Verily, it may be said that a distinct reaction is coming over science generally, and especially over the medical sciences, when sentiments like these are expressed straightforwardly and listened to with attention by what is perhaps the most practically scientific body of physicians that meets anywhere in the world.

PRESENT POSITION OF HYPNOTISM.

An excellent article on hypnotism, its history, nature, and use, altogether covering nearly twenty pages, is to be found in the November number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. The author's review of the history of hypnotism, which he divides into the five epochs,—the period before Mesmer, when all is vague and uncertain; secondly, the period of Mesmer, when personal magnetism was supposed to be the attractive power and the individuality of the operator was considered the potent influence at work; thirdly, the age of Braid, when hypnotism became really scientific in its character and was put on a physiological basis; fourthly, the age of Bernheim and Charcot, when the idea of suggestion and its usefulness became prominent; and, lastly, the fifth or present age, when the tendency is to restrict the use of hypnotism, to recognize its limitations and to classify it under various forms for specific purposes.

It is suggestion that now plays the all important rôle in hypnotism. Of the power of suggestion, there is now little doubt. Formerly it was thought that hypnotic suggestion could be employed only to influence those already suffering from neurotic conditions. Hysterical patients were supposed to be especially

susceptible to it. As a matter of fact many of this class of patients are utterly refractory to hypnotic suggestions, or at least come under its influence only after repeated trials and long seances. Many ordinarily healthy, matter-of-fact individuals, however, are quite susceptible to hypnotic influence. Indeed it is rather surprising how many of those who rather pride themselves on their strength of will can be made to submit even to ridiculous hypnotic suggestions. The important feature of its usefulness in medicine at the present time is for neurotic or psychic palsies. These are the cases in which hysterical patients become absolutely unable to use certain of their limbs and sometimes remain bedridden for ten or even twenty years and then are completely cured by the excitement of a fire or a burglary or some other unusual incident.

GOD AS REALITY.

I.

A sheet of paper, pen and ink, and a thesis. What have you got? What the dialecticians so well term an "abstraction." A life well spent; nay, a single good deed; and you have,—reality, the thesis actualized, being *in actu* for speculations in *posse*. Compare the fact of it, with the paper scheme and art of it. There stands out all the difference between shadow and substance, between name and thing, between theory and life.

The dialectic school worked out our problems admirably, on paper. The critical school as cleverly wiped them all out again. The materialist school, abhorrent of both, would reduce either to terms of machinery. The idealist school would fasten fictitious wings to the works.

The school of reality deals with beings concretely, and not abstractly. Religion, living religion in a living Church, binds them all together in their actual and active relations, in the terms of the Infinite, Living God.

II.

When we have said God, we have said everything. We say consciousness, because we cannot help ourselves. We whisper

conscience because consciousness, intelligent consciousness, imposes it. Both spell and point to God—or chaos. Which? Ah! there we are free, in a measure free to choose. That is the election offered not to the mind alone, but to heart and will; or, better, to our reality as a whole!

Consciousness and conscience, whence and wherefore? Both in any finite sense imply relation; and relation, a supreme standard of reality. And if not an absolutely true and right reality, then are all the canons of consciousness and conscience, their intuitions, promptings, and exactions, but the delusions of a madhouse dream.

III.

Life answers by every attestation of concrete fact that they are not dreams; that nobility and righteousness of being are more than abstractions. They inhere in real beings; they shrivel up in any artificial theory, however clever. They must have actual residence, relation and result in and between real beings,—a vital objectiveness in a sovereign living Rule, by which we livingly and actually measure them; as we do in fact measure ourselves and our deeds in the innermost deeps of our own reality.

God here shines forth through the clouds of our sense-visions, as in the rainbow of our ideals and our hopes. Through sense-perceptions, through thought-conceptions, through will-impulses and through heart-desires—through all our intuitions, our longings, and our own self-judgments—God asserts Himself as the sovereign Reality, "in which we breathe, and live and are."

Is this simply an affirmation? Well, an affirmation any day is greater than a blind negation. And that affirmation echoes with the voice of the preponderant reality of mankind.

ALBERT REYNAUD.

FRUSTRA.

Calm grey of eve, and silvered lake,—
How the ripples break,
Crescenting, on the smooth grey shore!
And form once more

And shadowless slip out to rest
Upon the breast
Of the still waters. Far and far,
A single star
Darts its white gleam above the grey
Of the hushed day.
Twilight all: and listless dreams
My mind, and seems
One with the ripples on the beach,
Grey clouds, and reach
Of windless lake—and waits the night.
So little light
Must one star give in a grey life!
The night is rife
With terrors; but I dream, dream on—
And lo! the day is gone.

WILLIAM KANE, S.J.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF OUR SPIRITUAL CONCEPTIONS.

Editor, THE DOLPHIN.

An article by the Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J., in THE DOLPHIN for October, contains the following paragraph :—

There is little doubt as to what a "spirit" meant for the Apostles, when they spoke of men being possessed by evil spirits or being filled with the Holy Spirit, or when our Lord promised that His Spirit would abide with them. In the simple philosophy of earlier times whenever a man's mind or tongue or limbs or faculties seemed to be wrested from his own control and made the instrument of an intelligence other than his own, whether better or worse, this effect was ascribed to the entrance into him of a spirit, *i. e.*, of a principle akin to that which normally animates and controls our bodies when we are alive and leaves them when we are dead. We can see now that in many ways this first effort of philosophy to explain the normal and supernormal phenomena of our life is necessarily anthropomorphic and childish; but though to some degree we may seem to have corrected its crudities we should be less pardonably childish ourselves did we fancy that our deeper philosophizings had entirely escaped from the necessary flaw of anthropomorphism, and even materialism, which must always vitiate our efforts to represent things spiritual.

I am not sure that I seize the precise meaning of these words. Taken as they stand, they appear to involve a denial of the real invasion of man's body by evil spirits, whereof many instances are recorded in the New Testament, and, what is more serious, of the real indwelling and operation in man of God's Holy Spirit, more especially as the author of prophecy and kindred manifestations. For the idea that an intelligence other than man's own, whether better or worse, may take possession of his mind or limbs or faculties, is said to be the outcome of a first effort of philosophy to explain phenomena that are now recognized as normal or supernormal merely, that is, I take it, out of the ordinary indeed, but not preternatural or supernatural. And such an explanation of the phenomena is affirmed to be, in many ways, necessarily anthropomorphic and childish. But if any of these "many ways" be regarded as essential, the explanation is not true. For an explanation that is, in any essential respect, childish is, in an essential respect, unreasonable and absurd. I may have failed, as I have said, to grasp the true meaning of the learned writer's words, but, at any rate, this is the impression they have made upon my mind.

It is, however, with the doctrine contained in the second part of the last sentence of the paragraph that the present article is mainly concerned. We are told that there is a "necessary flaw of anthropomorphism, and even materialism," in our mental constitution, from which even "our deeper philosophizings" cannot entirely escape, and "which must always vitiate our efforts to represent things spiritual." The psychology which finds expression in these words pervades the whole paragraph, and crops out here and there throughout the article. It is, I am persuaded, an unsound psychology, apt to beget unsound views in the domain of the spirit, and tending to discredit our knowledge of spiritual things.

To "represent" a thing may mean either to put before us some sensible likeness of it, as in a picture, or to convey an idea of it to our minds by means of symbols that have a conventional value. In the former case, the representation is made to the eye or the imagination; in the latter, to the intellect. Now, man is so constituted that things must be put before his mind under some

sensible form, else he cannot at all get any idea of them. If the thing is material, the imagination pictures it to the intellect, which then apprehends it. It is plain that things spiritual cannot thus be pictured in imagination. Hence, if we could not form an idea of a spiritual thing without having a picture of it in the imagination, we could never form an idea of it at all. And so our efforts to represent things spiritual would not only be vitiated, but foredoomed to utter frustration. A spiritual thing is of its very nature and essentially unpicturable, though a picture of some material thing may be formed in the imagination or on canvass to represent it. But, in this case, the picture has neither validity nor value as a picture. It is not a likeness; it is but a symbol.

Pictures impress images of things on the sense of sight and the imagination. Symbols, on the other hand, convey ideas of things to the intellect. But just as pictures presuppose things, real or imagined, so symbols presuppose ideas, which are the things of the mind. In the order of being, the idea comes first, and the symbol comes after; in the order of knowing, or rather of learning, the converse holds; the symbol comes first, and the idea follows. I say "of learning," for a distinction must be made between the genesis of ideas and the conveyance of ideas from mind to mind. In the genesis of an idea, the symbol of it, as such, can play no part. It is recognizable as a symbol only by the mind that already possesses the idea that is symbolized as well as a knowledge of the fact that the symbol represents it. In the communication of ideas, on the other hand, symbols play an all-important and indispensable part. They are the current coin of the realm of intellect, whose regal stamp they bear upon them. They serve the same purpose in the world of mind, where Thought is the staple of exchange and barter, that any form of legal tender serves in the commercial world.

Among the various kinds of symbols words hold the place of preëminence. They are the distinctively human signs of ideas, conventional in one sense, but in another and true sense, natural; for Nature, in furnishing man with the faculty of speech, seems to dictate that he should employ words to express his ideas. Other symbols have but a limited use, and serve for the exchange of thought only among those who are initiated in the meaning of

them. Words are legal tender in thought-transactions the world over, among all classes of men and to an unlimited extent.

Now words represent ideas; and ideas represent things, spiritual as well as material. Ideas of spiritual things we do certainly possess; our consciousness attests the fact, and words expressing such ideas are to be found in every language. As, then, we have the ideas, so we have the means of representing them. And if the ideas are true, because the ideas are true, there is no flaw in our constitution as men which vitiates our efforts to represent things spiritual. Words are the coinage of the intellect, and they are no spurious coin. By means of words spiritual things are represented—*i. e.*, made present to our minds—because words represent ideas, and ideas represent things. Were we angels, bodiless spirits, instead of men, we should, of course, do without words altogether, and without every kind of sensible sign, in the representation of things spiritual. The fact that we cannot dispense with such sensible aids means only that we are men; it does not mean that we are incapable of acquiring ourselves, and imparting to others, true notions of things that lie in the spiritual order. He who made us "a little less than the angels" destined us from the first to be their companions in glory. Nor has He left any flaw in our nature which must vitiate our efforts to acquire and impart true conceptions of our last end and the means needful to attain it. All of God's works are flawless after their kind and in their measure, and of all God's works in this visible world man is beyond comparison the most perfect.

To discuss the genesis of our ideas of things spiritual would carry us too far afield. The matter does not properly come within the scope of our present inquiry. The "necessary flaw" is affirmed to be, not in the faculty by which we acquire ideas, but in the faculty by which we set the things for which they stand before the mind. There is question, not of how we come by the ideas, but of how we represent the things. Nevertheless the two questions are so closely bound up that a brief word upon the former may serve to throw some light upon the latter.

Let me say at once that I set no store by the theory which supposes our ideas, all of them or any of them, to be inborn in the mind. This, of course, would be an easy way to account for

their origin. But the theory does not tally with the facts of consciousness. *Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu*, seems to me not so much a sound epistemological theory as a postulate of our intellectual consciousness. The words added to the aphorism by Leibnitz, *nisi ipse intellectus*, though of most vital significance, do but bring out what was always implied in it. The intellect itself is not in the sense, though it derives thence the raw material of thought. But, being spiritual, it is literally in itself, consciously present to itself, and knows itself as well as the things that are other than itself. And things other than itself, even things sensible or material, are in it after its own manner, *i. e.*, after a spiritual manner. This being the case, the fact that a spiritual faculty, such as the human intellect, knows things material, is, to the epistemologist, more difficult of explanation than the fact that it knows things spiritual. That it knows both classes of things is a fact, however it be accounted for. The theory of innate ideas would readily account for our knowledge of things spiritual, were it not that this our knowledge is so closely interwoven with that which we have of the things of sense, and bears about it intrinsic evidence of its origin in those same things of sense. The very word "spirit," from *spiritus*, "breath," or "air in motion," witnesses to the dual origin of the idea that it embodies. Intellect weds itself to Sense, and from the union springs a numerous progeny of Ideas, all of them spiritual in essence, as is the agent that begets them, yet all bearing the earmarks, so to say, of their lineage on the sensuous side. The germ of each several idea is in the sense; the ripe fruit of knowledge is in the intellect alone. For it is by the action of the intellect that the germ is lifted out of its lowly environment, and purged of its grossness, and endowed with a new and higher mode of being and life. To conserve its offspring, however, the intellect must needs wrap it up in some tell-tale word or symbol, even as the new-born babe is wrapped up in swaddling-clothes; and when sent abroad into the world, it ever comes forth arrayed in this same garb.

In short, the intellect of man is gifted with a faculty of abstraction. By virtue of this faculty it takes up into itself, after a psychical manner, and assimilates the essential characteristics of the things that lie in the world around us. Hence are formed in

the mind those types of things and of the attributes of things which we call ideas. And these types, as they are in the mind, are spiritual, even while they are but types of material things. Being spiritual, they are fitted to serve a spiritual end, and lead the mind onward and upward to things spiritual. And so we rise on stepping-stones of matter and of sense to realms supersensible and immaterial. To take but a couple of instances. The idea that the mind forms to itself of "substance" as that which by itself subsists, is first derived from some material thing. But once formed, it serves as a means of apprehending not merely material but spiritual substances as well. So, again, the idea that we have of life as the capability of self-motion is first gotten from the forms of life that are objects of sense-perception. By a further degree of abstraction from all material, and even from all finite, conditions, we arrive at the idea of a Life that, being itself beyond the bourne of space and time and motion, is the Prime Mover of all things that live and move.

So much for the genesis of our spiritual ideas. They are traceable, all of them, in the natural order, to the activity of the spiritual agent that begets them by process of abstraction from sensible things. And just because they are first gotten from the things of sense, these same things of sense are their fitting and connatural symbols. The symbol in itself is ever a thing of sense, but as symbol it connotes a thing of the mind. Thus, to the geometrician, a dot on the blackboard connotes that which has position but no magnitude, and a chalk-line connotes that which has length without breadth. The dot has magnitude and the chalk-line has breadth; yet the one serves as the symbol of that which has no magnitude, and the other as the symbol of that which has no breadth. Both the bodily eye and the eye of the mind, which is the intellect, perceive, each in its own way, the dot on the blackboard as having magnitude. But whereas the former faculty can only perceive it as having magnitude, the latter faculty can make abstraction from its magnitude and conceive of it simply as having position. To the one, therefore, it is a thing having magnitude, and that only; to the other, it is both a thing having magnitude and the symbol of that which has no magnitude.

But there are symbols and symbols. Some symbols are purely

conventional; others are chosen because of some connection they have with, or some real or fancied resemblance they bear to, the things which they represent. Of this latter kind are the triangle or trefoil as the symbol of the Trinity; the arm or hand, signifying power, as the symbol of the Father Almighty; the cross as the symbol of the Word Incarnate; the dove as the symbol of the Holy Spirit. Among conventional or arbitrary symbols words hold the first place. And this because, as has been already observed, they are the means with which Nature herself has provided man to represent the things of the mind. Also, they have this advantage over the class of symbols mentioned in the second place, that, being employed, not because of any resemblance or inherent relation that they bear to the things which they symbolize, but simply because of their natural aptness to serve as symbols, they are in nowise liable to be confounded with the things themselves. Thus, the form of a human arm as symbolizing the power of God might suggest to a rude and ignorant person that the Deity has a body such as man has, whereas the word "Almighty," if at all understood, could not possibly suggest anything of the kind. So, again, "because sacred art represents the exit [of an evil spirit] as that of a winged manikin from the mouth of the possessed," some untutored barbarian on viewing the representation might be led to conceive of the devil as having the form of a human skeleton, with fore-limb attachments adapted for flight. But such a one would, through gross ignorance, have mistaken the symbolic representation of a very real occurrence for a true likeness of the uncanny personage that figured in it. That there is at any rate divinely revealed truth in the representation, no one who accepts the word of Jesus Christ and the word of the Church which He has commissioned to teach all nations will call in question. And because philosophy is the handmaid of religion, and recognizes the truth as well as the value of symbols, and teaches us how to lay hold of the truth that is wrapped up in symbols, there is also philosophic truth in the representation. The wings are suggestive of swiftness, and the skeleton-like appearance may well stand for the deformity and loathsomeness which we rightly associate with the idea of a fallen angel.

The Scriptures speak of the "arm" of God, and the "finger" of God, and the "right-hand" of God; and sacred art represents

the Eternal Father as a gray-haired and aged man of venerable aspect. Is this anthropomorphism? Is this the ascription of human attributes to the Deity? It may wear that appearance, but I make bold to say decidedly that it is not. It is simply the use of symbols to represent, after a human fashion, Divine attributes. Did the sacred writer, in seeking to impress the imagination with the power of God, or the artist, in his effort to paint on canvas some faint image of the eternal years of God, really think himself, or try to convey the idea to others, that God has a body? Certainly not. And if not, where is the ascription of human attributes to the Deity? It is the intellect that ascribes,—not the imagination, not the pen, not the brush or pencil. As well might one say that the geometrician ascribes whiteness and breadth to the idea of the line that he has in his mind, when he draws a representation of it on the blackboard, as that the inspired writer and the Christian artist ascribe an arm of flesh or gray hairs to God, when they delineate, the one on parchment, the other on canvas, their true and spiritual conceptions of one or other of the Divine attributes.

But why, you will perhaps say, employ symbols that at least give color to the ugly charge of anthropomorphism leveled at the professors of revealed religion? *Homo sum*, I may reply, in the words of the old pagan poet, *humani nihil a me alienum puto.* Being men we can deem nothing of what is human foreign to us. If religion is to uplift and transform the whole man, it must reach down into and pervade every fibre of his conscious life. The seeds of spiritual truth that are sown in the intellect must take root in the imagination and in the heart of man, if they are to grow up, and put forth bud and blossom, and bear fruit. This, then, is the great and needful purpose that religious symbols and images serve. They serve to bring spiritual truth home to the imagination and the heart, in order that the emotions and passions of our fallen nature may be subdued by its influence and own its beneficent sway. When, at length, we have put off the old man and put on the new, we may hope to pass securely from the region of shadow and symbol, by the appointed Way, unto the Truth and the Life—*ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem.*

ALEX. MACDONALD.

Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

AUTHORSHIP OF "FATHER TOM AND THE POPE."

Qu. Can you tell me whether Michael Heffernan is the real author of the well-known volume (which appeared under his name), *Father Tom and the Pope*, or "A Night at the Vatican," or whether that is merely a substitute name to give an Irish flavor to a book that is actually scurrilous and must have proceeded from an enemy of Catholic Ireland as well as Catholic Rome?

Resp. The true author of the above-mentioned book is Samuel Ferguson, a "Castle" Irishman, whose reputation as a writer and antiquary raised him to the position of deputy keeper of the public records of Ireland.

His more respectable writings are published under his own name. He was knighted in 1878, and died in 1886, at Howth (Dublin).

THE HEALING OF CHRIST AND THAT OF "MODERN SCIENCE."

An eminent German physician, Dr. K. Knur, has just published a brochure of 74 pages under the title *Christus Medicus* (B. Herder), in which he makes a comparison between the cures of diseases described in the Gospels as wrought miraculously by our Lord, and the modern devices affecting to produce similar results by means of suggestion, hypnotic influence, and the like. Dr. Knur addresses himself to the educated, particularly to physicians who maintain that Christ was simply a medical practitioner considerably in advance of his contemporaries, who had carefully cultivated the study of diseases and the application of psychic therapeutics.

The author in the first place enters upon the question of medical education among the Jews in Old Testament times, in order to show that there was a distinct profession of physicians quite apart from the Levitic priesthood. He points out that Christ neither claimed to belong to this class of medical practitioners, nor did He, if we follow the historical indications of His life as set forth in the authentic records of the Gospels, prepare Himself by special studies for such an avocation. His practice of curing the sick had, therefore, in no way the character or purpose of professional healing. Next Dr. Knur examines in detail

the nature of the cures effected by our Lord, and shows that altogether they are such as could not have been the result of medical, magnetic, or hypnotic influence, such as lies within the power of human faculties or remedies, but that they indicate a separate and superior force directly suggestive of Divine interposition.

His conclusions are summed up in the following well demonstrated propositions :—

1. Christ heals diseases in a manner different from that of others, whether physicians or "faith healers" or hypnotizers.

2. He heals such diseases as medical skill or psychic influence within human experience cannot reach.

3. He heals at once and effectually those whom physicians and faith healers and hynotizers cure, if at all, by gradual process of recovery of the original physical powers.

4. His whole bearing and method of healing, so far as they demonstrate a definite purpose, place Him altogether above the healer of physical ailments.

5. Instead of the methods adopted by the latter, He simply asserts His will and command as the arbiter of nature.

6. He derives no profit from His healing, such as wealth, honor, personal affection.

7. Christ's cures have the evident purpose of demonstrating His Messianic message, which coincides with His own assertion of their miraculous nature.

8. The people upon whom these miracles are wrought share this conviction and proclaim it.

In conclusion Dr. Knur briefly discusses the three instances narrated in the Gospels of Christ's raising the dead to life. One of the most striking arguments in favor of Christ's Divine power, which however the author only incidentally refers to, seems to us the fact that there is no record of Christ's having failed in any one instance to accomplish the wonderful raising from the dead which He announces in at least two cases in advance, and always accomplished amidst a large concourse of people, mostly adverse in their expectations or predictions.

LITERARY MENDACITY.

(Communicated.)

A recent Italian defence — by a writer who calls himself Catholic—of a work on the "Index Expurgatorius," is highly reminiscent of the defenders of the *Augustinus* of Jansen. The author of the defence in question seeks to show that the Congregation which condemned the work did not understand its real meaning. This virtual assertion that words may be, not merely mean, exoterically one thing, and esoterically another, suggests the question: how far may a writer deviate in language from a traditional doctrine without being obnoxious to the imputation of having, in effect at lest, controverted that doctrine?

It is very possible when treating any subject involving fundamental truth, whether philosophical or theological, to generalize in one direction and to particularize in another. The sum of the generalization may be so wholly on traditional lines as to be, practically, mere repetition of the commonly accepted opinion, while the particularization may be in essence a series of contradictions of that opinion. Obviously such a literary proceeding may be the result of a conscious effort to be subtle and illusive; it may be the result of a lack of grasp of the subject under consideration; or it may be the result of that type of mind which manifests itself by seeking always the possible exceptions to every rule.

The writer who, consciously, treats a serious subject of thought with the subtle, or illusive, method evinces thereby either excessive vanity, or a decided absence of detestation for mendacity.

Every serious subject of thought must end in action, if it be presented to persons of serious nature, and indeed by such persons alone will it receive any great degree of attention. Therefore the responsibility of presenting any opinion on a grave problem is very great; for, however sincere may be the desire of the persons to whom it is presented to be instructed in truth, they are necessarily fettered by their intellectual limitations.

Every person who affects to teach is bound in honor to know his subject as far as may be, and to so express himself as to present that subject as lucidly as he can. If he teach without first being himself taught, he is as much a fraud as is the tradesman

who guarantees the genuineness of his wares while he is really ignorant of their quality. And if he, consciously, express himself in language intended to be susceptible of more than one interpretation, he is as guilty of deceit as any juggler with cards.

However paltry it be, probably very few persons write without the hope that part of their reward will be popular applause. Even though the leading motive be, as it no doubt frequently is, the desire to add to the sum of popular knowledge, the writers who are wholly unmindful of popular applause would form no very conspicuous portion of the wielders of the pen. *Vanitas vanitatum!* To whom, as well as to what, do not the oft-quoted words apply? And, even so, it is well that men, including writing men, should desire the commendation of their unsophisticated neighbors, along with the less fervid praise of their literary brethren. A writer may desire that his work be held in esteem, without being vain; but, unhappily, he may desire that esteem, only because he is vain.

There are two methods of literary procedure at the command of every writer. One may be termed the straightforward, masculine method; the other may be termed the sinuous, feminine method. Each of these methods has its advantages.

The masculine method is simple, clear, and, as far as possible, devoid of ambiguity; but, because of these qualities, it may lack what certain professional critics of style denominate "distinction." That is to say, in every-day speech, the masculine method consists in the expression of what the writer believes, in words that best convey his belief, whether those words be in every-day use by the man in the street, or only by the professor of philology in his latest volume on the origin of words. To put the thought in a single line, the masculine method of literary expression is the method that most accurately expresses the belief of the writer.

In direct contradiction to the masculine method of literary expression is the feminine. It consists, first of all, in the effort to be subtle, never obvious; to employ words that are never in the mouth of the man in the street, or, if they are, to find for them a meaning (probably the *-th* given by the *Century Dictionary*, or some other encyclopædia of English vocables) that would only, by an effort, occur even to a professor of philology.

The advantage of the feminine method of literary expression is that the literary critics—who, for the most part, appear to be members of the fold—will pronounce it full of "distinction," and the writer who adopts the sinuous method of literary expression is ever mindful of the literary critic.

In certain departments of literature there may be no question of morals involved in the choice of the method of expression, and in these departments a writer may, without misgiving, adopt the one that will be, probably, the more telling.

But there are departments of literature in which the employment of the masculine method means imparting to men knowledge that it behooves them to have, and in language that they understand; whereas the employment of the feminine method means adding to the confusion of thought in the minds of men, thought upon subjects that should be, for the well-being of these same men, free from confusion and, in its stead, illumined with unity and truth.

Besides the two methods of literary expression just considered, there is a species of conscious insincerity indulged in by many writers. This is to generalize in one direction, and to particularize in the opposite direction. This trick—for trick it is—is resorted to either from moral cowardice in the writer, or from brazen ignorance. Many a man has convictions that he knows are reprobated by other men, and yet that are so essentially a part of his intellectual nature that, though he would, he cannot rid himself of them. If he be independent, of sturdy moral stamina, on all proper occasions he will clearly proclaim his convictions, wholly indifferent to the ridicule, or opposition of others; but, if he be a moral weakling, he will carefully conceal his beliefs. The mass of men, however, are neither endowed with heroic courage nor are they absolute cowards, and these men are much given to what is euphemistically termed opportunism. Such men occasionally, that is in certain company, will timidly express their true convictions; but in other company, if compelled to declare themselves, they will use language that, taken by itself, would express fairly their beliefs, but taken in connection with other declarations made by them, would so condition their words as radically to alter their meaning. The writer wanting in genuine manliness,

with fear ever menacing him, will probably resort to the petty trick of stating his actual belief in general terms, and limiting it by means of particular distinctions; and for such an exhibition of essential cowardice he will, probably, be the recipient of much praise because of his "philosophical moderation," whereas, in fact, such a writer is neither more nor less than a craven.

Even more contemptible is the writer who, though consciously ignorant of a subject, has the audacity to express himself upon it. Such a person relies for the success of his enterprise either on the greater ignorance of his readers, or on his ability to juggle words in a manner that deprives them of any definite meaning. If the subject treated be unusual, it will probably be safe to count upon the ignorance of the reader, and then he will dogmatize. If, however, the subject be one about which there is much divergence of opinion, though he may be quite ignorant himself of its import, he can win a certain measure of success by boldly appropriating the thoughts of any one else, merely presenting them in his own words; and, any one ignoble enough to resort to such a proceeding, will find words that will appear plausible to the incautious or the ignorant.

Probably the most numerous section of literary charlatans is that of the bold ignoramus, for it requires for membership only the command of a limited vocabulary and a nature void of sensitive honor.

If a man be responsible for his oral utterance, how much more responsible is he for his written! A blow from a fist will bruise and give pain, but frequently repeated doses of many a poison, though unattended with pain, will end in death. Spoken words, even the most eloquent, rarely possess more than a short-lived vitality, but written words are enduring, and so long as they do endure, and are read, they make or mar. The man who writes without sincerity is, by far, a more contemptible wretch than is the professional sneak-thief. The sneak-thief, at the least, runs the risk of landing in jail for his evil actions, whereas the mendacious writer is fairly sure of reaping a reward for his very baseness.

WILLIAM REHN CLAXTON.

PAEDAGOGICA.

THE DANISH "HIGH SCHOOLS."

Forty years ago Denmark passed through a period of trouble and disaster in which for a time her national life seemed to be threatened, and in which she lost the province of Schleswig-Holstein. Such periods in the history of nations have usually resulted in a revival of patriotism, nor was Denmark an exception in this respect. Grotwig and other Danish patriots of this period, realizing that the salvation of their country depended upon a revival of the intellectual and spiritual life of their fellow citizens, founded the "high schools" for the accomplishment of this purpose. These schools in no way correspond to what we know as high schools. They are intended for young people and adults of both sexes and all classes. The age of those in attendance is generally somewhere between seventeen and twenty-seven. These schools have succeeded in attracting to themselves all that is best in the life of the peasantry and people of Denmark. The aim of these schools is not so much to impart knowledge as to stimulate the reflective powers so as to arouse in the minds of the pupils thoughts on the value and purpose of life. Hence the teachers are chosen not so much on account of their academic qualifications as on account of their character and personal magnetism. The course is really a two years' course, but it is at the option of the pupils to attend for a term only. The cost for board and tuition is about $8 a month, and for those who are too poor to afford this the State supplies about two-thirds of the fee. No examination is required of the pupils either on entering or on leaving the schools. The "high schools," in which there are now something over six thousand students, have taken as their motto: "I am a man; therefore everything that concerns a man is of interest to me." The spiritual life that is inculcated is one of full, well-balanced development and self-expression.

Any man who is imbued with the desire of helping his fellow man and who has the necessary qualifications for imparting knowledge may start a "high school." If his methods are good, his personality sympathetic and his powers of organization pronounced, his school will be a success and his scholars numerous;

this class of school is never undertaken as a commercial speculation, but only by those who have higher aims and are content to find their work and their means of a simple livelihood in the service of humanity.

The Danes attribute the marked rise and intellectual development of the peasantry to the ever-increasing influence of the high-school movement. The agriculturists save money and make sacrifices in order that their sons and daughters may enjoy the intellectual and spiritual culture that the high schools offer.

Some time ago a series of sixty samples was selected from the foodstuffs prepared in various countries and offered for sale on the London market. An analysis of the samples gave the following results: French, fifty-seven adulterated, three pure; American (United States), fifty-six adulterated, four pure; English, fifty-three adulterated, seven pure; German, fifty-one adulterated, nine pure; Norway, one adulterated, fifty-nine pure; Sweden, none adulterated, sixty pure; Denmark, none adulterated, sixty pure. There are evidently some things that are not taught in the Danish high schools.

CHIEF FUNCTIONS OF THE TEACHER.

All life "grows by what it feeds upon." This is as true of the conscious life of man as it is of his physical life. Now, the food supply for the development of man's conscious life is to be found in four sources: First, in the direct revelation of the truth and beauty and goodness of God that reaches the individual through Revealed Religion; second, in the truth and beauty and goodness of the Creator as reflected in nature; third, in the concrete embodiment of human thought and action; fourth, in the manifestations of the human mind and heart through the arbitrary symbols of speech. It has been the unchanging purpose of Christian education to put the pupil into possession of a body of truth derived from these four sources, and to bring his conduct into conformity with Christian ideals, and the standards of the civilization of his day.

The attitude of man's mind toward the truths derived from these four sources has undergone many changes of emphasis, but the most conspicuous change of to-day is the shifting of his interest from the static to the dynamic in all departments of knowledge.

NORMAL SCHOOLS FOR CATHOLIC TEACHERS.

The prevailing currents of thought in the adult world find their way into the school through various channels. The progress of science in our day is due in no small measure to the research work carried on by university professors and by university students under their direction. Pupils in the university, thus formed in the spirit and method of scientific investigation, recruit the faculties of the colleges and normal schools where the teachers of grade schools and high schools receive their training. It is through this channel that the main currents of progress ultimately reach and modify schools of all grades.

The success of a school is necessarily measured by the success of its alumni in the struggle for existence. In this circumstance is to be found a force which compels the school to keep abreast of the times and to adjust its methods to the needs and conditions of the outer world. No school can long continue to exist unless it performs its function efficiently and sends from its doors men and women fully equipped for the battle of life.

It is evident, therefore, that a complete school system should carry its pupils through a development which will enable them to contribute their share to the world's progress, and it is equally evident that no school system can accomplish this unless it is provided with those channels through which the currents of progress in the outer world may constantly reach it and modify its work. This is particularly true of periods of rapid social and economic change, such as the present. Success in the past is not a guarantee of success in the present or in the future. Conformity to a fixed type was the condition of success in the past; the production of plastic individuals is the requirement of the present. Formerly the test of the school's work was the rigid adjustment of its pupils to static, social, and economic conditions; the test to-day is the pupil's power of adjustment to a rapidly changing social and economic environment. Docility was the measure of success when local customs and family traditions were the accepted standards of conduct; to-day moral ruin is the inevitable fate of all who lack strength of character to battle alone with the storms of temptation and passion. The accummulation of a definite stock of

information sufficed for the conditions of a comparatively static world; success to-day is measured by the power of finding truth in its sources. Formerly the home was the seat of various industries which provided the pupil with the objective training which must be supplied by the schools of to-day.

From considerations like these it is evident that the greatest need of our Catholic schools to-day is the normal training of its teachers. It is equally obvious that the agencies of this training should be Catholic.

PARASITISM IN THE SCHOOL.

One of the most instructive lessons offered by the study of biology concerns parasitism and the causes which produce it. Whenever any living being seeks and obtains help by leaning on others it loses its place in nature and enters upon the downward path of degeneracy. The hermit crab finds shelter in the discarded conch shell and by so doing it loses its freedom of movement, its carapace and many of its abdominal appendages atrophy. The tapeworm escapes temporarily from the asperities of the struggle for existence by taking up its abode in the alimentary canal and feeding on the digestive foodstuffs provided by the host, but in so doing it loses its locomotor appendages, its sense organs, its brain and alimentary tract. It is not difficult to find parallels for these in human life. Every one who has given any study to the questions connected with charities and corrections knows how difficult it is to give alms without by so doing generating social parasites. It requires the greatest amount of tact on the part of the almsgiver and a great deal of strength of character on the part of the recipient to avoid this most undesirable result. The law with which we are here dealing finds a far more extensive application than may seem evident at first sight. It is, in fact, coextensive with life. Strength and development come from within. Parasitism appears whenever the individual escapes from the struggle for existence by relying on external aid. In mental life this truth finds its most striking illustration in the development of will and the formation of character, but the law applies with no less rigor to the growth of the cognitive powers. To the superficial observer the dependence of the

child on its mother resembles the dependence of the parasite on its host, but on closer observation these two conditions are seen to be diametrically opposite. All the processes going on in the child make for increasing independence, whereas all the processes in the parasite increase its dependence. The teacher should fill the rôle of mother to the conscious life of the child by providing him with truth suited to his capacity for assimilation, but whenever the teacher assigns a task above the pupil's power and then helps the pupil to perform it, she is developing a parasitic tendency.

THOMAS EDWARD SHIELDS.

Catholic University.

THE PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL BOARD.

The public school system of Philadelphia is, and will be, until January, 1906, controlled by ten bodies, each exercising in its own sphere more or less extensive powers.

There is the central body, made up of a representative from each of the forty-two wards of the city, and appointed by the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. There are the sectional or ward boards, the members of which are elected by the people.

One of the privileges of the sectional boards is the selection of the teachers of the elementary schools, though the choice must be ratified by the Central Board. Charges are frequently made that political considerations dictated the selection of the teachers, more than merit. For this and other reasons there has been a persistent agitation for many years that the whole management of the school system should be reorganized.

This agitation has borne fruit, for on April 11, 1905, the legislature of Pennsylvania passed a law, to go into effect January 1, 1906, by which the old Central Board of forty-two members is abolished, and a new Board of twenty-one appointed by the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas.

The duties of the new Board are to be legislative, not executive. For executive duties, the Board is to appoint Executive Officers,—a Superintendent of Schools, a Superintendent of Buildings, and a Superintendent of Supplies.

The forty-two Sectional Boards—one for each ward—remain,

but are practically without any executive power, except to appoint janitors, and to visit the school quarterly, and to report the conditions, etc., to the Central Board. Of course few men will care to accept an election as a ward school director under such provisions.

The advocates of the reorganized plan look upon the financial gain as one of the most important. Under the old order the amount of money for school purposes depended upon the humor of City Councils. Now, there must be a definite apportionment to the schools by the City Councils of not less than five mills per dollar of the tax on all real estate.

While the new law is welcomed by those interested in public school education as a step in the line of progress, it does not give complete satisfaction. The future will witness further agitation for a smaller Board, complete control of appropriations, a regular provision for sites and construction by the appropriation of an additional mill from the annual city tax, and other improvements supposed to be in harmony with the best educational progress.

The members of the new Board were selected by the Judges in October. The complexion of the Board indicates that the Judges had in view not only men with pedagogical knowledge and men with business experience, but considered religion, politics and locality. One prominent Catholic was appointed, the Honorable William F. Harrity.

That the new Board, with more extensive power, will be any less susceptible to influence, political and otherwise, than the old Board or the ward school directors, remains to be seen.

Evidently both the honor of being a member of the Board and the power that such membership might bring appealed to many,—"several hundred" candidates being willing to accept the appointment. Thirteen of the old Board of twenty-one were reappointed, and the Judges spent hours in determining the final make-up of the new Board.

MEXICO'S PACIFIC CONQUEST.

"The first concrete impression they [Americans] receive after crossing the Rio Grande is that an unwritten law exists, fixed as the stars, prescribing the consideration due from one individual to another;

apart from the stately and deliberate ceremonial of Mexico, charming to many Americans, there is something sane and homely about their every-day life that is grateful to reasonable people.

"While it is not easy to put one's finger on the mainspring of a national trait, this considerateness on the part of the Mexicans apparently emanates from pride and self-respect. But an ounce of demonstration is worth a pound of theorizing; take, for example, the very common experience of being elbowed or jostled in a crowd; the American visitor notes that it is extremely rare in Mexico, that personal collision is scrupulously avoided, and that when unavoidable it is followed by an apology.

"While somewhat surprising, this is far from unpleasant. He observes that slight services and attentions are as frequent among men as from men to women, and finds himself a participant. So delicate, so exquisite, is the care of the Mexican hostess for her guest, so devoid of fuss, or conscious effort, that the latter may easily discern the significance of the assuring 'you are in your house.' The distinguishing charm of the Mexican hostess is repose, and, as a natural sequence, repose is the marked characteristic of the Mexican home.

"Could the sentiments inspiring Mexican hospitality be embodied in maxims, one would be, doubtless, 'Happy is the house that shelters a guest.'"—*The Outlook*, August 26, 1905.

THE LAND OF LADY POVERTY.

"Wherever labor led to social gathering, even the poorest seemed happy. The daily drawing of water at the village fountain was merrier than afternoon tea and as noisy. Veriest hags, sibylline in their wrinkled blackness, laughed and chattered, exchanging incomprehensible gossip that piqued one's curiosity. We grew to love the daily greetings that we watched and that we received.

"Millet might have painted the two burden-bearing women lingering to chat on the sharp curve of the Assisian road; and the smile of another returning homeward with her empty basket rewarded us for a long walk across the sun-stepped plain. . . .

"One enters cathedral or pieve to look at a fresco or mosaic, to witness a great ceremonial, to listen to music, or, it may be, to say one's prayers, but one lingers to watch the daily pathos of simple lives.

"After the first morning, when you have made acquaintance with

the sacristan and the parish priest, nobody molests you except in the way of friendly conversation.

"It is better to be the idle comrade of the copyist, so to watch unhindered the life that comes and goes under the leathern curtain of the great door. A familiar, intimate life is this that enters. Even the children are at home, and play unreproved and unawed. I watched one day, in an almost empty cathedral, at the hour of Mass, a stray baby who came pattering up the nave and planted himself exactly in the path of the priestly procession. A tall deacon lifted him gently from under the feet of the officiating priest; and during the celebration the little fellow climbed upon the chancel rail, until weariness overcame his interest and he serenely went to sleep upon the highest step. He still slept there when the function ended and the vast nave was empty, save for one cripple kneeling at his prayers.

"When the leather curtain rose again, it admitted two women, one a robust, bright-faced *popolana*, the other a shrivelled, tiny old creature with the vague eyes and smile of the feeble-minded. They went from altar to altar, and the younger woman made the unfortunate kneel as if she were a little child, and I heard the murmur of sacred words across an inarticulate babble, pitifully unchildlike. When the prayers were ended, the two came up to me, and the younger woman explained gently, 'She has no mind, Signora, she cannot talk; but she is so good, and so happy, *poverina!*' and she kissed and caressed the vacant, smiling face. A cripple, an imbecile, a sleeping baby,—on these *pecorelli* the great Christ above the altar looked down sorrowfully.

"In the country of St. Francis a persistent tradition of sacredness clings about the mendicant."—*The Outlook*, August 26, 1905.

Catholics cannot but be gratified to see in a publication like *The Outlook* this appreciation of the lovable qualities of the Mexican and the Italian people. Their pleasure would be greater if the cause had been recognized. Nothing but the ever abiding influence of the Catholic faith can produce in a race the characteristics of politeness, considerateness, and hospitality, which observing travellers ever find where the Catholic Church is dominant.

CORRECT LANGUAGE AND PRONUNCIATION.

When we consider how universal is education, it is surprising that the English of the ordinary American should be spoken so indifferently and carelessly.

Mr. Henry James, in an address at one of our women's colleges, in calling attention to this fact, referred not to the uneducated, but to the educated classes. "Untidiness" in speech, as he termed it, is common among "people who think themselves educated."

Loyalty to American institutions and appreciation of the work of the American teacher cannot hide the truth that our American teachers are not so cultured in this respect as the English teachers. It has been said of America that "it is rare to hear the language spoken with an elegance in the choice of vocabulary, in pronunciation, in enunciation, and in modulation, that betokens a satisfactory cultivation." This can hardly be written of the well trained teacher in England.

It is but true to say that our convent schools do not fail in this respect in the same degree as our non-Catholic schools, yet everywhere there is place for improvement. But the changing of the harsh, metallic, highly pitched tones, both in singing and speaking, the carelessness in pronunciation and slovenliness of enunciation will never be corrected until the teachers of the schools understand how to use their voices.

"Women spend years in learning to play a musical instrument, in polishing their manners and in studying the mysteries of dress and fashion, yet their voices are left uncultivated, though on these depends in highest degree the charm of social intercourse." "The musical instrument most carefully to be cultivated is the human voice, from the earliest childhood to maturity."

It were well if our religious communities employed the best masters of vocal culture,—not mere so-called elocution teachers, who often know little of the structure of the voice, its production, and its development. These masters might train certain members of the community, who in turn would carry the instruction into the novitiate and the class-rooms.

The teacher who knows how to use her own voice, whose tones are cultivated and modulated, whose enunciation is clear and distinct, will unconsciously impart the same qualities to the speech of the child.

Still more, skill in using the voice, knowledge of how to breathe properly, how to husband the strength while speaking,

mean more power and the avoiding of that exhaustion which is experienced by teachers at the close of the day's labors.

SUPERVISION OF YOUNG TEACHERS.

It were a wise policy to send the inexperienced teachers who have just completed the novitiate to a school where the local superior is an efficient school woman, and is free from the responsibility of any individual class, her sole duty being to supervise the work of the whole school. Few teachers succeed at once in their teaching, even when special training has been given for that purpose. Actual contact with the class-room is needed to develop the teacher. Hence at the beginning the untried teacher will make mistakes, follow wrong methods, and yield to the infirmities of temper, unless there is at hand a watchful, local superior to note such faults, to advise, to suggest, and to direct, and, above all, to encourage with tactful, sympathetic criticism. The days pass by, and every day but witnesses the acquiring of habits that absolutely preclude satisfactory work. The teacher who with a little wise direction might have become capable and efficient remains mediocre and indifferently successful.

EDUCATIONAL BREVITIES.

The Rev. Dr. Shields, of the Catholic University, began on October 14th, at the Catholic Boys' High School, Philadelphia, for the teachers of the parish schools, his lectures on Psychology. The course will extend over the year. The morning is to be given to the teachers in Philadelphia, and the afternoon to the teachers in New York. The vital principles of education, which Dr. Shields will treat in a practical and illuminating way, cannot but give the teachers broad, sound, and helpful views of their work in the class-room.

The proposal to make "Discovery Day" a national holiday ought to receive a cordial approval throughout the country. October 12, 1492, was an epoch-making event in the world's history. Why more general and hearty recognition has not been given to it is one of those paradoxes in the life of a nation for which there is no adequate explanation. That English ideas

bitterly hostile to Spain for religious and political reasons dominated the colonies both before and after independence is one of many causes; but the twentieth century gives little heed to racial hatred and religious prejudice; and it is due time that Columbus and his deed should be fitly commemorated.

"There is a difference in the type of boy or girl turned out by a Catholic school and a public school. The public school child is more self-reliant; he has more assurance; he never doubts his ability to do anything he undertakes. The Catholic school child is diffident of his powers, underestimates himself, and requires encouragement to put forth his whole strength. This is especially true of the child of Irish descent."—The Rev. Dr. John F. Mullany, in *The North American Review*, October, 1905, p. 554.

If this statement is made to make an invidious comparison—to the credit of the public school-system—it would be interesting to know the facts on which it is based. It sounds much like one of those frank and apparently warranted concessions which Catholics sometimes make to the supposedly superior efficiency in certain lines of the public-school system. We question much whether the real conditions justify any such generalization.

That the child of Irish descent requires any more encouragement to put forth his whole strength than the child of other races, is, to say the least, startling information, when the history of the Irish immigrant and his children is looked into. Given a fair field, the Irish-American takes his place beside the children of other races; he has done this in defiance of racial hatred and religious prejudice which the children of other immigrants have never experienced.

"The Predominance of Female Teachers" is discussed in the *Pedagogical Seminary* (September, 1905),—G. Stanley Hall's magazine.

Some interesting data are therein stated. In the country as a whole three-fourths of the teachers are women. In individual States the disproportion between male and female teachers is still greater; while in others it is less. For instance, in Rhode Island 8.3 per cent., in Massachusetts 8.9 per cent. of all the teachers are men.

In Missouri 32.2 per cent., in North Carolina 45.5 per cent., and in West Virginia 52.3 per cent. of the teachers are men. There has been a steady decrease in the percentage of male teachers during the past twenty-five years: In 1880, 42.8 per cent.; in 1890, 34.5 per cent.; in 1900, 29.9 per cent.; and in 1903, 26 per cent. of the public school teachers in the United States were men. Not only has there been a steady decrease in the percentage of male teachers, but the actual number has decreased; while the number of female teachers has doubled.

The Committee from the Male Teachers Association of New York City, in the report on the necessity of men teachers in elementary schools, published February, 1904, stated that 93 per cent. of the teachers in the elementary schools of the large cities of this country are women, and over 90 per cent. of all the boys in the United States leave school without coming in contact with a single male teacher. The question arises: Is this a healthy state of affairs, *i.e.*, should the education of both sexes be under the predominating influence of women?

The main points brought out by the answers may be summarized as follows:—

The effects of the predominance of female teachers differ in the different grades, and for the different sexes. In the grades below the sixth, feminine influence should predominate; but upper grammar and high school pupils should be under an equal amount, at least, of masculine influence. Young children of either sex should be in the care of women; after puberty, male influence is necessary for the proper development of both boys and girls, but is especially necessary for boys.

Women pay more attention to details of order, and preserve more nearly perfect order in coming into, and going out of, the school room; men have better general order, secure it with little effort, and are obeyed instinctively by the pupils. More of the personal element enters into the government of women, and appeal to the child's regard for his teacher is common.

The two sexes differ greatly in their personal relations to both boys and girls. Women come into closer relations to young pupils of either sex, and with older girls; men come into closer relations to older boys. Men incite more zest in study, and

secure greater effort on the part of pupils. This is largely due to the broader scope of the work under male influence. Women are more prone to mechanism and drill, and give much more attention to details. They inspire more personal devotion, but less of ambition. They take a greater interest in the home affairs of their pupils, but less in their games, clubs, and societies, than men do.

Many pupils of either sex should come under the influence of the opposite sex or under the influence of the sex opposite to that under whose control they have been. Boys who have been under exclusive feminine control are in greater need of masculine influence. To sum up the whole study, the following general conclusions may be stated:—

I. There are many common and individual factors which enter into the work of teaching and which are, in many cases, more important than distinctive sex characteristics.

II. Sex characteristics play an important rôle in school work, and both the sex of the teacher and that of the pupil are important factors in education.

III. The influence of the sexes differs with the age of the pupils. Young children are, as a rule, in need of almost exclusive feminine control, but older children should come under masculine influence in part at least. The mother instinct is a necessary factor in primary education.

IV. It is on the side of character forming that sex differences play the most important part. In the mere matter of instruction the difference between the sexes is not so marked.

V. Masculine influence is necessary for the proper development of boys.

VI. The preponderating influence of women, as it exists at the present time, is detrimental to the best interests of our schools.

Criticisms and Notes.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE. By Anne Manning. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 158.

In an old picture, of which a copy is prefixed to this "Diary," Sir Thomas More is seated in the midst of his family,—a handsome group, altogether. Among them is that favorite daughter, Margaret, to whom the glorious martyr on the eve of his death wrote a letter with a bit of charcoal, bidding her rejoice that he was called to die for the faith on the octave feast of the Princes of the Apostles, and that of the translation of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The present volume pretends to be a record in form of a journal which Mistress Margaret had kept at her father's request for many days while he was still in the king's service, and which she continued down to a few days after his death on the scaffold. It is in fact an imaginary diary, but as it is founded upon authentic documents and records "by one who brought both knowledge and sympathy" to the task, it has a certain value as reflecting historic incidents, and is certainly written in a most attractive and engaging style. "On asking Mr. Gunnel to what use I should put this fair *libellus*, he did suggest my making it a kind of family register, wherein to note the more important of our domestic passages, whether of joy or grief—my father's journeys and absences, the visits of learned men, their notable sayings, etc. 'You are ready at the pen, Mistress Margaret,' he was pleased to say; 'and I would humbly advise your journaling in the same fearless manner in the which you framed that letter which so well pleased the Bishop of Exeter. . . . 'T will be well to write in English, which 't is expedient for you not altogether to neglect, even for the more honorable Latin.'" There is a good deal in the "journal" about that most strange character, Erasmus of Rotterdam, a man both loved and feared because of his subtle powers of heart and intellect, the friend of Saints, like the martyr-chancellor and Cardinal Fisher, and the confidant of the reformers whose shifty and cruel methods obtained much of their efficacy from his allegiance. The little volume was first published some fifty years ago, and obtained a wide popularity. The growing interest felt in the More household and in the martyred head of it has created a new demand for the Diary.

JOAN OF ARC. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. London and Edinburgh: Sands & Company; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 106.

The author bases her accounts of the Maid of Orleans principally upon Mr. Douglas Murray's English version of the authentic reports of her trial at Rouen, and those of the rehabilitation trials. These include not only "the story of her life, her achievements, and her death, as attested on oath and set forth in the original documents," but also the testimony of eye-witnesses and the Maid's own defence, which convince by the dignified simplicity with which they are put forth in face of the examining judges.

We wonder how anyone's sympathy could have failed to come to the aid of the wonderful Maid whose unselfish heroism caused her to enter upon a course which she foresaw would bring her defeat and shame in the end. "During Easter week of last year, being in the trenches of Melun, it was told me by my voices—that is to say, by St. Catherine and St. Margaret—'thou wilt be taken before St. John's day; and so it must be: do not torment thyself about it; be resigned: God will help thee.'"

The history of Joan of Arc is full of lessons not merely for the lovers of patriotism or the admirers of valiant womanhood, but also as a study of ever-recurring world-judgments. Although it was through the instrumentality of an unscrupulous and ambitious churchman who sought favor with what was for the time the dominant faction in France that the saintly and heroic maiden of Domremy was betrayed, and although the Catholic University of Paris allowed its influence to be directed to seconding the dastardly project by which Joan became the innocent victim of domestic intrigues and foreign fanaticism, it must not be forgotten that the ill-famed Inquisition, through the person of its Grand Inquisitor, Jean Bréhal, was the principal defender and eventual restorer of the honor and reputation of the maiden of Domremy. Her death, tragic and beautiful, called forth the sympathy of those who shared her faith and who loved unfortunate France, in defence of whose liberty she had offered her young life; and her martyrdom became at once the seed of a veneration which, after a growth of nearly five centuries, bears in her reception of the title *Venerabilis* the first fair flower of the crown which we may hope will deck the chaste brow of a saint.

Mrs. Scott's booklet is but a brief and summary contribution to this end, but it will serve to kindle more widely the general enthusiasm in behalf of Joan of Arc.

THE KING'S ACHIEVEMENT. By Robert Hugh Benson, author of "By What Authority," etc. London: Pitman & Sons, Ltd. 1905.

In its rôle of an "historical novel," Father Hugh Benson's latest work, *The King's Achievement*, is one of the books which strikes us almost immediately as having in it something unique,—in this case, as possessing a quality in virtue of which it succeeds to a phenomenal degree in creating the impression of a curiously intimate rapport between ourselves and the time during which its scene is laid.

By every writer of fiction who seeks his material in the past the art of making the dry bones of that period put on some sort of flesh is one that has to be studied; and it needs only a little examination of the methods most commonly employed for this purpose to show that they vary considerably. By Sir Walter Scott, for instance, a pageant, or moving spectacle, is held up before us, whose effect may be compared to what a cinematograph—could we imagine one to have been taken by a contemporary onlooker, and sprung upon us after the lapse of centuries—might be expected to produce; for though we have the sensation of being brought face to face with something real and living, it is with something also which differs, even to its minutest details, from the world of our actual experience. And just as with an object seen through a telescope, neither the distinctness nor the vitality of the picture at all really banishes our sense of its remoteness.

In the art of setting us at this kind of close quarters with the past, Scott, it is needless to say, is however a past master; and it is owing in great measure to the work he thus accomplished that another school of historical fiction subsequently arose, whose manner of spanning the centuries differs altogether from his own. Of this class Thackeray's *Esmond* is a familiar example. So, too, is Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* And if we examine either of these at all carefully we shall see that Scott's method of approaching a by-gone period has here been practically reversed, and that instead of the reader being carried backward and turned into a spectator of the past, it is the past itself that has been laid hold of and presented to us as neither more nor less than the present, clad in obsolete attire.

Roughly speaking, then, two ways at once show themselves as capable of providing the sort of meeting point, without which "historical fiction" as such would become meaningless; but since with each of these the sense of propinquity excited rests not on truth but on illusion, each still leaves a good deal to be desired; and the one thing needful, we feel, if fiction is to become in any real sense a vehicle

for history, is some mode through which the past may be interpreted to the present in terms of the common possessions of both.

The taste which this sort of interpretation proposes is not, however, a simple one; indeed, it may be very well compared for complexity to that of the translator who is determined to combine in his work both the full equivalence of the original and its subtly foreign flavor. And when, as is the case with the volume before us, we recognize that in this special direction a marked success has been attained, we feel assured that, even were it in virtue of this alone, the value of the work would be a high one.

The fact that Father Benson really does exercise here an exceptional power of materializing the past for his readers is one which most of these will, we think, experience. The manner of his doing so, as far as we can see, lies in the use of two very simple "literary artifices," viz., in an abstention from obsolete phraseology whenever phraseology which is not obsolete will do as well; and in the provision throughout of a familiar background against which whatever is less familiar may stand in natural relief.

The historical novel, in the form we best know it, is, as we are all aware, usually peppered from end to end with expressions which serve no real purpose but to "carry date,"—as, for instance, with the use of the pronouns "thee" and "thou," or with greetings and exclamations of the "Ho-Sir-knave," and "By-mine-honor" type; and when in the present volume we find no such fanciful screen erected between us and a natural contact with the commonplace, the superior accuracy of focus and perspective thus produced is such as to surprise us. The very delicacy of the effects so reached makes it difficult to give examples, but instances are constantly recurring. As one such we may mention the sort of shock we experience when in passing by "Hangman's Acre" we become grewsomely aware of the town gallows with its burden of "one or two ragged objects," "from off which a great bird rises and flies heavily away." The sharpness of this little bit of realism is quite startling and it is almost, if not altogether, due to the peculiarly familiar quality of the sights and sounds which serve the purpose of its setting.

When the two monks visit Tyburn, after the martyrdom of the Carthusian Priors, we feel the key to be throughout somewhat more highly pitched; but the level of actuality is none the less perfectly maintained. Here, indeed, the sensation we experience is a most curious one; for the present seems to melt suddenly before us like a

dissolving view, revealing its past behind it. We find it quite difficult, indeed, to rid ourselves of the recurring fancy that by only crossing the familiar river and landing at Blackfriars we too should find ourselves outside the London walls, and on the long straight road running westward; with "Tyburn Gate" instead of "Marble Arch" before us, and with the clump of elms, the wide bare trampled space, and the low mound with its historic gibbet beyond.

No one who has tried to study the Reformation period as a whole can have failed to notice the wide difference of starting point which separates the earlier spread of Protestantism in England and on the Continent. In Germany and Switzerland, thus, the starting point of the Reformed Faith was genuinely a theological one; for it lay in the necessary rejection of the Catholic doctrine of the Sacraments, which the rejection of the Catholic doctrine of free will brought with it. In England, on the contrary, no such rejections, to begin with, carried weight with any considerable section of the population,—the Catholic faith, in fact, seeming for the many to repose on so broad a basis of general acquiescence, that when the real corner-stone of the edifice first began to be tampered with, it was only the exceptionally thoughtful and foresighted who at all fully gauged the nature of the rock on which the royal will was driving them. The baffling quality, as of a struggle in the dark, which thus differentiates the religious conflict under Henry VIII, from that which followed it under Elizabeth, has met, at Father Benson's hands, with especially skilful rendering.

The position and function too of the Religious Houses, and their more immediate exposure to attack as outworks of the spiritual jurisdiction of Rome, is extremely well conveyed; while the picture we have of the *Opus Dei*—of the unceasing work of organized prayer, which it was their especial task to carry on—is impressive in its restrained force.

As we read the description of the Priory church at Lewes, on the eve of its dissolution, the life of many an old abbey and parish church seems to be creeping back into it, and a more articulate meaning breathed into the mute protest which for the Catholic every wall and arch of such buildings exhale.

The part taken by England and by the English nation at large in the religious revolt of the sixteenth century was in many important respects an exceptional one; and through it both English Protestantism, and to some extent English Catholicism also, have received a stamp which they still retain. The light which such works as those of Dom Gasquet and Father John Morris, S.J., have thrown on this

subject for the serious student, has in the present volume been skilfully directed by Father Benson to the requirements of the ordinary reader; and large as is the public to which on its general merits *The King's Achievement* appeals, it is not too much to say that for Catholics of English-speaking races, whatever their nationality, it possesses many elements which are of a quite unique interest and value.

M. M. M.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Art of the Venice Academy: Mary Knight Potter. *Page.* $2.00, *net.*

An elaborate plan of the Academy and fifty pictures in duogravure accompany these critical descriptions of the pictures in the Academy and brief accounts of their painters. The volume is bound as a gift book, but would serve very well as a guide.

Back to Arcady: Frank Waller Allen. *Turner.* $1.25.

A bachelor Kentuckian dreams of the days of his youth while watching the love affair of his ward, the daughter of the woman whom he loved, and her story and his are related together in a manner pleasantly quaint in the main, although sometimes affected.

Black Spaniel: Robert Hichens. *Stokes.* $1.50.

A professed lover of animals having crazed himself by brooding on vivisection deliberately starves a black spaniel whom he regards as the reincarnation of a dead physician addicted to making experiments on living animals. By skilful narration the story is made really frightful. The greater part of the volume is occupied by stories of the seamy side of various cities on the south side of the Mediterranean, and cannot be commended.

Bible Beautiful: Estelle M. Hurll. *Page.* $2.00, *net.*

A title page in gold and two colors, both suggesting the decoration of ancient missals, distinguish

this book from the secular volumes issued by the same publishers, and the chapter initials and end decorations are of a scriptural character. The author has aimed at an historical presentation of Christian art beginning with the pictures in the catacombs, writing for the unprofessional reader, but has indexed her work by artists, by subjects, and by places, making it a manual of reference.

Carlyles: Mrs. Burton Harrison. *Appleton.* $1.50.

The hero, although entirely innocent, is suspected of complicity in the plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln, and unable to offer any evidence in his own favor is imprisoned and shamefully treated. Aside from this feature, the book is a love story with the mysterious Southern spy of civil war legend for the hero's protecting genius.

Cathedrals of Spain: Charles Rudy. *Page.* $2.00, *net.*

The text of this volume, although written by a professed lover of Spain, is entirely unsympathetic on all points relating to religion, but the author has a keen eye for the beautiful, both in architecture and in painting, and his book is enriched with views of cathedrals of which pictures are rarely imported and seldom found in books of travel.

Cities of Paul: William Burnet Wright. *Houghton.* $1.10, *net.*

The author, a Congregationalist minister, describes the cities visited by Saint Paul, speaking entirely as a follower of Luther and drawing many parallels between Catholic treatment of Protestants and heathen treatment of Catholics. Being written with much spirit, the book is attractive, but is by no means to be commended.

Concerning Belinda: Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. *Doubleday.* $1.50.

Well told stories of school girls with Belinda, a very young teacher, figuring in each one, the whole very well exhibiting the life at a "select school for young ladies."

Conquest of Canaan: Booth Tarkington. *Harper.* $1.50.

A country town virtually expels a poor and ignorant boy and is unkind to a poor young girl. Years afterwards the two return and conquer the place, she by her wealth and beauty, he by his eloquence and political skill, and the two, having loved one another in adversity, continue to love in prosperity. The author's narrative vocabulary includes so many local words and phrases that he is sometimes unintelligible.

Debtor: Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. *Harper.* $1.50.

A well-written story resembling former books published as Mrs. Freeman's in nothing except in its enjoyment of the petty weaknesses of narrow natures. The hero, having been defrauded of his fortune, takes his family to a country town where for a season he is supposed to be very rich. When his deception is detected it is discovered that he has become a negro impersonator in order to earn money for daily needs.

English Hours: Henry James. *Houghton.* $3.00.

Sixteen reprinted papers, some written more than thirty years ago. Illustrated with some sixty pictures by Mr. Joseph Pennell. The author has fastidiously revised the text, and the artist has chosen views full of character.

English Works of George Herbert: George Herbert Palmer. *Houghton.* $6.00, *net.* 3 Vols.

The first volume contains a chronology, the outlines of Herbert's life, and essays on his character, his religious poetry and his style, and a critical introduction to his text, his prose works, letters, and will, completing the volume. In the second are The Church Porch, the Resolve, The Church, Meditation, and other poems. In the third are gathered Herbert's writings during the last three years of his life, including those written during his long last illness. Each division has its appropriate commentary and the volumes are illustrated with good photogravures and extraordinarily good half-tone pictures, and bound with great taste. The preparation of the work has occupied the editor many years.

Fair Margaret: F. M. Crawford. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

The story of a young American girl with a beautiful voice and with two lovers, one a rich man to whom she is indifferent, the other, the illegitimate son of an opera singer, too proud to ask her to share his social disgrace. The story ends with the hero's rescue of the heroine from the hands of an unscrupulous man, but it is left unfinished.

Flute of Pan: John Oliver Hobbes. *Appleton.* $1.50.

The love of a princess and an English peer and the disturbing influences introduced by a vicious lady-in-waiting and a foolish Englishman are the subjects of the play upon which this rather stiffly related story is founded. The characteristics of all the personages are exaggerated with a view to dramatic presentation and this spoils the book for reading.

Gambler: Katherine Cecil Thurston. *Harper.* $1.50.

The daughter of a reckless and impoverished Irish squire obeys his dying command to marry a friend of his own age, becomes acquainted with a group of unprincipled bridge players, and after her husband's death allows her passion for play to take full possession of her. The undeserved devotion of her sister saves her from absolute ruin, but not until she has caused the death of the kinsman who loves her best, and so behaved that the happy ending of her love affair shocks any reader with a sense of justice.

Giants: Mrs. Fremont Older. *Appleton.* $1.50.

A financier drawn from a very easily recognized personage is one giant and a sturdy young politician is another. The latter is aided by the Californian oil magnate's daughter who turns journalist for his sake and brings an influential newspaper to his

aid. He narrowly escapes ruin at the hands of an evil woman concerning whom he is incredibly blind. The author has a gift for narration, but the personages, the financier excepted, are unnatural.

Handbook of United States Political History: Malcolm Townsend. *Lee.* $1.60, *net.*

A political vocabulary of more than two hundred pages with long and elaborate definitions; the Constitutions of the United States and the Confederate States; the Declaration, the Farewell Address, the three great proclamations of the civil war, and other important documents; an account of the birth of the States and a description of the lands under American jurisdiction; an account of the general government and the organization of each branch, and a mass of small details concerning each president are the chief matters in this volume which is unique as a book of reference.

In Our Convent Days: Agnes Repplier. *Houghton.* $1.10, *net.*

Dr. Repplier has here collected the seven papers concerning her life at Torresdale at the age of eleven, making a delightful book of which not the least delightful part is the preface declaring her disbelief that any of the changes since her time have been for the better. The child's curiously distorted views of events and persons are excellently presented, and humor is omnipresent.

Italy, Her People and Their Story: Augusta Hale Gifford. *Lee.* $1.40, *net.*

In this thick volume of nearly eight hundred pages more than half the space is given to the Roman Empire and two-thirds of the other half to the history of the nineteenth century. The author's prejudices are anti-Catholic, but she refrains from giving any intentional offense. Sixteen plates and three maps illustrate the work which is clearly printed and strongly bound.

James G. Blaine: Edward Stanwood. *Houghton.* $1.25, *net.*

The author, a kinsman of Mr. Blaine, presents him as he appeared to those who loved him, and resolutely refuses to entertain any of the charges made against him, but does not go so far as to assert his success as a diplomatist. He does assert his financial sagacity except in his hesitation as to the double standard. The book is agreeably written, but bears little likeness to the figure which the country knew as James G. Blaine.

Joys of Friendship: Mary Allette Ayer. *Lee.* $1.00, *net.*

Quotations in prose and poetry for each day in the year, chosen in great part from recent publications and intended for readers of simple tastes, compose a little volume prettily bound for a holiday gift.

Jungle Trails and Jungle People: Caspar Whitney. *Scribner.* $3.00, *net.*

Stories of hunting game of

many sorts in India, Sumatra, Malaysia, and Siam, with studies of native character and customs, the whole illustrated with excellent photographs taken by the author, compose a book of much interest, although written with little regard for rules.

Knock at a Venture: Eden Philpotts. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

Short stories of Devonshire rustic life about equally divided between humor and tragedy, and very well written.

Letters from the Dead to the Dead: "Oliver Lector." *Houghton.* $1.50, *net.*

The apparent purport of this group of letters is that the Shakespearian poetry was written by Bacon, and the author has spared no pains to support his theory by inventing not only letters, but a series of "emblems." It is such an elaborate device as delighted the eighteenth century.

London Films: William Dean Howells. *Harper.* $2.25, *net.*

The author's record of his recent visit to London is written with less captiousness than he has been wont to display of late years, yet with all his unfailing accuracy of observation. It is illustrated from photographs, well chosen and excellently reproduced, and is exceedingly interesting.

Louisiana: Albert Phelps. *Houghton.* $1.10 *net.*

The complicated early history of this State is interestingly reviewed, although an occasional phrase shows curious misunderstanding of Catholic matters. The territorial history is recounted without prejudice, and the reconstruction period is treated with calmness. The volume contains a map of the State, and the State seal is printed on the cover.

Mayor of Troy: A. T. Quiller-Couch. *Scribner.* $1.50.

Beginning with broad farce in the relations between a Cornish magistrate, smugglers, and excise officials, the story comes very near to tragedy when the mayor is impressed, forced to serve, and returns to find that he has been reported dead and that his little world has no place for him.

My Friend the Chauffeur: C. N. and A. M. Williamson. *McClure.* $1.50.

The younger son of an Irish peer by the contrivance of his friend, a baronet, is made to act as driver for a motor car during a journey through Italy with a foolish American woman, her daughter and niece as passengers, and with a fortune-seeking Balkan prince pursuing the three in the hope of discovering which has the largest dowry, in order to bestow his crown judiciously.

Mystery of June 13th: Melvin L. Severy. *Dodd.* $1.50.

The guilt of a murder is imputed to some ten innocent persons in succession, one of them being actually brought to trial, before the supernaturally brilliant detective hero discovers that the murdered man is not dead, but is

keeping the stock market in a lively state of activity with a view to obtaining control of certain property for which he strove desperately before the "murder." The plot is ingenious, but the story is too long for the preservation of the interest.

Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter: Theodore Roosevelt. *Scribner.* $3.00, *net.*

The President's account of his bear and wolf hunting last spring, his cougar and bob-cat hunt in Colorado in 1903, and his Yellowstone Park trip are here reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine* and illustrated with photographs, some of which are portraits of relentless picturesqueness. Its observations in regard to animals are valuable, and its enthusiasm for bravery and for manliness is noteworthy.

Outside the Law: James Barnes. *Appleton.* $1.50.

An engraver whose branch of art is the reproduction of old etchings discovers that a former assistant has been using his methods and machinery for counterfeiting United States money, but the dead man's confederates cleverly prevent him from bringing his case into court, and after a narrow escape from the insane asylum, he gladly settles it outside of the law.

Part of a Man's Life: Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Houghton.* $2.50, *net.*

The New England Transcendentalists, impressions and memories of England, comment on American society and civilization, papers on strictly literary subjects, and memories of Hawthorne's eldest daughter compose the text of this book, which is charmingly written and fittingly bound and printed. The illustrations include portraits of the author, Carlyle, Arnold, Beecher, Parker, Victor Hugo, Una Hawthorne, and Col. George Waring.

Poetry of Life: Bliss Carman. *Page.* $1.50.

The author, himself a poet, considers the purpose of his art, explains the art of criticism, defines the poet of modern life, criticizes Longfellow, Wordsworth, and Emerson, and very sharply and satirically describes the position of the poet in modern life and correctly states the reward which the world bestows upon him. The matter is presented as essays, but has some degree of unity and is agreeable reading.

Princess Priscilla's Fortnight: Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." *Scribner.* $1.50.

The fortnight is the time which the princess spends in England after running away with her tutor to escape marriage with an unknown prince, who follows her and persuades her to change her mind.

Rambles in Brittany: Francis Miltoun. *Page.* $2.00, *net.*

About seventy-five pictures, small and great, after drawings by Blanche McManus, illustrate the text, in which are included de-

scriptions of many pardons, church festivals and fairs, with many traditions and legends attached to places visited by the author.

Rambles in Normandy: Francis Miltoun. *Page.* $2.00, *net.*

In character, this book precisely resembles its predecessor in this list, but its cover decoration is Norman instead of Breton.

Rhode Island: Irving B. Richman. *Houghton.* $1.10, *net.*

This history is divided into the period of agriculture and separatism, period of commerce and coöperation, and the period of unification of manufactures. In glorifying the toleration of the early colonists the author overlooks the equal tolerance of Maryland, and also the reason for their presence in Rhode Island.

Road Builders: Samuel Merwin. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

An unscrupulous financier brings all the forces of a railway organization to bear upon the problem of preventing an engineer from building a section of railway regarded with disfavor by those who are using the railway as a means of speculation. He supplies himself by stealing a section of railway, and his success being admitted sees his way to marrying the daughter of one of his liveliest opponents.

Romance of the Milky Way: Lafcadio Hearn. *Houghton.* $1.25, *net.*

A brief account of the late Mr. Hearn, containing some interesting citations of an autobiographical nature, prefaces this book, in which are gathered Japanese star verse and goblin poetry, two or three short stories, a curious and thoughtful paper on Spencer, and certain points raised by him, and a "letter from Japan" describing the state of the country in August, 1904.

Scarlet Pimpernel: Baroness Orczy. *Putnam.* $1.50.

The Scarlet Pimpernel is the badge of a few Englishmen organized to rescue French Royalists from the Revolutionists. The heroine, a French woman, is forced into betraying her apparently indolent husband, the real head of the league, to a French spy, but he escapes triumphantly. The book is rewritten from a play and the supposed English folk are absurdly French.

Selections from the Poems of John Godfrey Saxe: *Houghton.* $1.00.

The Proud Miss McBride, the Briefless Barrister, and Early Rising are the principal pieces in this collection, which includes nearly all of the author which is likely to live. The frontispiece is a portrait.

Speculations of John Steele: Robert Barr. *Stokes.* $1.50.

John Steele, a humble railway man, saves the life of the greatest railway owner and stock manipulator in the country, is promoted, envied by his fellows, and at last forced to leave the employment of the company, for declining to become the finan-

cier's puppet. He refuses to be crushed, and after several narrow escapes succeeds in defeating his enemy, whose name is scarcely disguised.

Sidney Lanier: Edwin Mims. *Houghton.* $1.50, *net.*

Three portraits of the poet illustrate this volume, which is very sympathetically written and considers the many-sided genius of its subject in all its aspects and summarizes his achievements with great fairness. Judiciously chosen quotations enable the reader to judge Lanier's prose work for himself.

Songs of America: Edna Dean Proctor. *Houghton.* $1.25.

Excellent verse thoroughly American in its tone, and treating few subjects not American. The patriotic quality of the book admirably fits it for school use.

Stork's Nest: J. Breckenridge Ellis. *Moffat.* $1.50.

The Stork brothers, counterfeiters, advertise for a boarder and farm assistant desirous of strengthening his lungs by living at high altitude and are answered by a man who detects their secret and falls in love with their niece, an unformed but beautiful girl desirous of learning the refinements of life.

Time the Comedian: Kate Jordan. *Appleton.* $1.50.

An extremely ugly story of a married woman who, when her flight with her lover is frustrated by the suicide of her husband, coolly consents to receive a large annuity from the former, who is weary of her. Her punishment comes when her daughter is grown and the lover encountering her by chance demands her hand in marriage.

Two in Italy: Maud Howe. *Little.* $2.00, *net.*

Sketches of persons and places chosen chiefly with regard to their amusing qualities, compose this volume, which is illustrated after drawings by Mr. John Elliott. Many of the papers are well adapted for reading.

Wood Fire in No. 3: F. Hopkinson Smith. *Scribner.* $1.50.

Short stories told by artists and journalists around a wood fire, and here prettily illustrated in color. The conversational setting of the tales is very brisk and natural.

Yellow Journalist: Miriam Michelson. *Appleton.* $1.50.

After succeeding in shameless pursuit of shameful news, the heroine suddenly sees herself as she appears to respectable, charitable women and to the man who loves her in spite of her profession. The exaggerations are countless, but the tale amuses.

Yolanda: Charles Major. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

The story is the secret courtship of Mary of Burgundy by the prince whom she married after he had wooed her as a humble knight.

Juvenile.

Adventures in Pond Life: Frank Stevens. *McClurg*. $1.25.

Two children by the joint efforts of talking animals and their uncle are instructed in the ways of a few water animals. The pictures are good, the text not always accurate. [Eight to ten.]

Adventures of Princess Daintipet: Mrs. George Corbett. *Lippincott*. $1.25.

The naughty princess is first brought to a consciousness of wrong doing by hearing a magpie and a cat express their opinion of her, but witches, warlocks, and many other animals, lesson her before she is thoroughly reformed. [Six to eight.]

Armstrongs: Laura E. Richards. *Estes*. $1.25.

Cleverly written letters by four children, describing the adventures of the three girls while staying with their old-fashioned aunt, and of the boy on a ranch belonging to a parsimonious, tyrannical farmer. [Eight to any age.]

Boy Captive in Canada: Mary P. Wells Smith. *Little*. $1.25.

Stephen Williams, the son of the Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield, "the redeemed captive," is the hero of this book, which describes his journey through Vermont with his captors, his adventures during a winter in Canada and his redemption. It gives glimpses of the other captives, including those who remained among the Indians. In the preface the author expressly disclaims sympathy with the anti-Catholic sentiments naturally expressed by the Puritan characters. [Ten to fourteen.]

Boys Who Became Famous Men: Harriet Pearl Skinner. *Little*. $1.25.

The "boys" are Giotto, Byron, Bach, Gainsborough, Handel, Coleridge, Canova and Chopin. The stories are written with an eye to the picturesque rather than the moral element. [Ten to twelve.]

Brass Bound Box: Evelyn Raymond. *Estes*. $1.25.

The story of a rather hasty girl who is made thoughtful by responsibility, and becomes the means of solving a family mystery and of making all her friends very happy. [Ten to fifteen.]

Camp Fires on the Scioto: Charles S. Wood. *Wilde*. $1.50.

A pioneer's story of the manner in which Ohio was surveyed and allotted, he, a mere boy, aiding in the work, and of the relations between the Indians and the settlers. A vivid description of the first school in Cincinnati is part of the story. [Eight to twelve.]

Coming of the White Men: Mary Hazelton Wade. *Wilde*. $0.75.

Stories of the Norsemen, of Columbus, Cabot, Ponce de Leon, Hudson, the Pilgrims, and the little pilgrims, Roger Williams,

William Penn, Lord Baltimore, Oglethorpe, and the early Mississippi explorers, are presented as related to a family of children by their Uncle Sam. [Eight to ten.]

Crab Cottage: Raymond Jacberns. *Lippincott.* $1.25.

Poultry farming is the occupation of two families the members of which constitute the entire company of characters. They proceed from rivalry to warm friendship and perceive the folly of unfounded prejudice. [Twelve to fifteen.]

Deerfoot on the Prairies: E. S. Ellis. *Winston.* $1.25.

In this story, Deerfoot, an Indian tamer of horses, and two white friends travel from southern Ohio to the Pacific early in the nineteenth century, seeing the various tribes and scenery on the way. [Eight to twelve.]

Dorrance Domain: Carolyn Wells. *Wilde.* $1.50.

An amusing, extravagant story of an impoverished family, forced to take quarters in a summer hotel, its sole remaining property. The children turn ill fortune to profitable account by attracting boarders, and the eldest daughter makes an excellent hotel manager. [Ten to fifteen.]

Elsie and Her Namesakes: Martha Finley. *Dodd, Mead & Co.* $1.25.

Long drawn historical anecdotes and sanctimonious reflections are the substance of this book, which is the latest of a long series like unto it.

Face in the Pool: J. Allen St. John. *McClurg.* $1.50, *net.*

A modern fairy tale combining the chief features of many folk tales and agreeably written in good English and illustrated by fourteen colored plates. [Eight to ten.]

Forest Land: Robert W. Chambers. *Appleton.* $1.50.

Peter and Geraldine, old friends of the author's readers, are shown in the act of learning how to know the moths, the beetles, the mole, the woodcock, and many other creatures. Colored and black and white pictures by Emily Benson Knipe, illustrate the stories. [Six to any age.]

French Pathfinders in North America: William Henry Johnson. *Little.* $1.50.

Descriptions of Indian life followed by accounts of French explorations and settlements, and explanations of the difference between French motives and methods and those of their Spanish and English rivals. [Ten to fifteen.]

Frontier Knight: Amy Blanchard. *Wilde.* $1.50.

The Texan experience during the Mexican war of two Kentucky girls and their brother, and the younger girl's lover's knightly quest for the captive brother of the elder, constitute the story which correctly portrays the manners of the time, but slightly errs in its dialect. [Ten to fifteen.]

Golden Goose: Eva March Tappan. *Houghton.* $1.00.

Six Swedish fairy stories including all the quaintness and terrors of the originals as found in folk lore are here related in excellent English, and illustrated with good pictures by Swedish artists. [Six to ten.]

Golliwogg's Fox Hunt: Florence Upton and Bertha J. Upton. *Longmans.* $2.00.

Very ugly but funny pictures of three Dutch dolls and a nondescript creature with an immense head, as the actors in a series of hunting scenes. The art is aggressively bad.

Hector, My Dog: His Autobiography: Egerton R. Young. *Wilde.* $1.50.

The dog describes his life among the Esquimaux and on the trail, mingling with it an account of the manners of the Esquimaux, of the guides, of the missionary, his master, and of his children. Its descriptions are faithful, and although the dog has more insight than the average man, his moralizing is of a kind effective with children. [Ten to any age.]

Humpty Dumpty: Anna Alice Chapin. *Dodd.* $1.40, *net.*

Meg, Dick, and Bab, being too modern to accept fairy stories, are also free to quarrel with their breakfasts, especially objecting to eggs, and in punishment are treated to a series of visions of Humpty Dumpty and other fabulous creatures very well exhibited in many pictures. [Six to ten.]

Island in the Air: Ernest Ingersoll. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

Information about Cliff-Dwellers, the Moqui Indians, their former and present customs, the Navajos and their industries, is included in a story of a group of children stranded for a little while on an American desert plateau. [Ten to fifteen.]

Josie Bean: Flat Street: Harriet A. Cheever. *Estes.* $1.25.

A poor little girl with artistic tastes finds a place for herself with a fashionable milliner, shows skill in window decorating, obtains a chance to take lessons in art, and is left at Antwerp working diligently, and tacitly betrothed to a man attracted by her cleverness and industry. [Twelve to fourteen.]

Lady Dear: Milicent E. Mann. *McClurg.* $1.00, *net.*

A shrewd and clever jester comes to the aid of the ten-year-old Juanita Mendoza, when a wicked kinsman tries to oust her from her father's castle during his absence with Columbus on his first voyage. The reader has a glimpse of Queen Isabella and her Court and of Spanish stateliness. [Eight to fourteen.]

Little Girl in Old San Francisco: Amanda M. Douglas. *Dodd.* $1.50.

The little heroine sees something of the motley civilization of the period immediately following the discovery of gold in California, and the story is continued until she makes a happy marriage. [Fifteen to eighteen.]

Little Miss Robinson Crusoe: Mrs. George Corbett. *Lippincott.* $1.25.

An extravagant tale of a girl's shipwreck on an island shaken by earthquakes, geysers and volcanoes, and concealing an immense treasure, with which she departs. She is unpleasant in ordinary life and impossible on her island.

Little Mother and Georgie: Gertrude Smith. *Harper.* $1.30, *net.*

Little Mother is the granddaughter of Georgie, who for a brief space each day permits her to treat him like a child. The little game is prettily played, with less wearisome repetition than is found in its author's former works and illustrated by pictures printed in color. [Four to eight.]

Mary 'n' Mary: Edith Frances Foster. *Estes.* $1.25.

The friendship between a rich child and an orphan, supposed to be the daughter of a very poor family, makes one summer a very happy time for both, and leads to the discovery that the orphan's dead mother was the friend of the rich child's mother. Excellent little pictures drawn by the author illustrate the story, which teaches good manners and kindness. [Six to any age.]

Men of Old Greece: Jennie Hall. *Little.* $1.50.

A biography of Leonidas, the story of Themistocles, and also of Marathon and Salamis, an account of Socrates, and a general description of the rebuilding of the Acropolis, introducing both Phidias and Pericles, are so arranged as to give a child some conception of the fair side of Attic civilization. [Eight to fourteen.]

Mr. Penwiper's Fairy Godmother: Amy Woods. *Estes.* $0.50.

An active and mischievous little girl, crippled by a motor car accident, becomes an important element in the life of a lonely man who visits her because he fancies himself partly responsible for her misfortune. Patience and kindness are the lessons taught, not directly but by example. [Six to ten.]

Oak Tree Fairy Book: Clifton Johnson. *Little.* $1.75.

Eleven full-page plates and seventy-five small pictures illustrate stories carefully divested of everything unpleasant, whether savage or sentimental, making most of them entirely unlike the originals, and of no value except for temporary amusement.

Old-Fashioned Tales: E. V. Lucas. *Stokes.* $2.00.

Stories from "Sanford and Merton," from the "Parents' Assistant," and others taken from Mrs. Sherwood, Mary Lamb, Mrs. Barbauld, Caroline Barnard, Peter Parley, and Miss Sinclair's "Holiday House," compose this volume, which the editor furnishes with an excellent critical preface.

Old Monday Farm: Louise R. Baker. *Estes*. $0.50.

A boy's experience in managing a farm recently bought by his father. He is assisted by his young cousin and by the son of the rightful owner, to whom he manages to have his property restored. It is wholesome, kindly and well written. [Ten to fourteen.]

Penhallow Family: C. V. Jamison. *Wilde*. $1.50.

A little girl going with her nurse to live in the family of her uncle, who is much poorer than her dead father, finds opportunities for making herself not only a welcome guest but a genuine benefactor, without consciously taking a patronizing attitude. [Ten to twelve.]

Pinky Perkins: Capt. Harold Hammond. *Century*. $1.50.

Pinky is an almost mannerless boy with very little conscience, and is always in trouble, from which he extricates himself by means hardly edifying for another boy's contemplation although amusing to an adult reader.

Plucky Joe: Edward S. Ellis. *Estes*. $1.25.

The hero is not only a champion in baseball, but behaves well in a battle with burglars, in a railway accident, and in a running fight with South American Indians. He is not quite credible, but never sets a bad example. [Ten to twelve.]

Queen Zixi of Ix: L. Frank Baum. *Century*. $1.50.

A magic cloak upon which fairy weavers have bestowed the power of granting one wish to all who wear it is the cause of a series of absurd mischances in an imaginary kingdom. Simple amusement is the aim of the story, which has nearly a hundred illustrations. [Six to twelve.]

Rainbow Bridge: Frances Margaret Fox. *Wilde*. $1.25.

An orphan child, taken from an asylum by her aunt, is made very unhappy by her kinswoman's severity, but later comes under the tutelage of a kind teacher and in the end discovers that her father is living and so is left very happy. [Eight to ten.]

Reform of Shaun: Allen French. *Little*. $1.00.

Two stories, both telling of dogs who rebel against training, but see the error of their ways and learn to be obedient and faithful to their masters. The moral of the little fables is cleverly conveyed. [Eight to twelve.]

Sidney; Her Summer on the St. Lawrence: Anna Chapin Ray. *Little*. $1.50.

Two very small Americans, given to embarrassing speech, and a pleasant group of American young girls and young men pass the summer in learning Canadian ways and legends, and the heroine aids one of the young men in his passage through a painful experience. [Twelve to fourteen.]

Sir Toady Crusoe: S. R. Crockett. *Stokes*. $1.50.

The Sir Toady Lion of an earlier book reappears, has some experience on an island whither he

conveys himself, and arranges his brother's very premature love affair. The book is amusing to an adult, but unwholesome for a child.

Soldier of the Wilderness: Everett T. Tomlinson. *Wilde.* $1.50.

Abercrombie, Putnam, Montcalm, and Howe appear in this story of Frontenac and Ticonderoga, but its main interest is the private adventures of the boy-hero, his Indian friend, and an old hunter. [Ten to twelve.]

Story of the Champions of the Round Table: Howard Pyle. *Scribner.* $2.50.

This book continues its author's story of King Arthur's Court, published last year. It is divided into the Books of Sir Launcelot, Sir Tristram, and Sir Percival, and is written, as far as may be, in English of the days of chivalry, and illustrated with full-page pictures and head- and tail-pieces by the author. [Ten to any age.]

Tales of the Fish Patrol: Jack London. *Macmillan.* $1.25.

San Francisco Bay is the scene, and the action is the chase of Chinese, Greek, and Italian fishermen breaking the law in various ways. The young reader's sympathy is kept on the side of the law.

Ten Big Indians: Mary Hazelton Wade. *Wilde.* $1.00.

Histories of Montezuma; of Hioh, a California king encountered by Drake; a Powhatan, Philip; Pontiac, Red Jacket, Osceola, Black Hawk, Sitting Bull, and Seattle, compose this book, which is pleasantly written, and has ten very good pictures. [Six to ten.]

That Preston Girl: Nina Rhoades. *Wilde.* $1.50.

A domestic story in which the young heroine, conceiving herself to be disgraced by her reputed father, refuses to marry the man she loves; but after his death, discovering that her real father is an honorable man, consents to be happy. It is an innocent novel. [Twelve to any age.]

Told by Uncle Remus: Joel Chandler Harris. *McClure.* $2.00.

Stories of talking animals and insects, related by an aged negro to children. Their humor is admirable, and they convey a moral without formally enunciating it, and are well illustrated by Mr. A. B. Frost and others. [Eight to any age.]

Tommy Postoffice: Gabrielle E. Jackson. *McClurg.* $1.00, *net.*

A pretty story of a cat living in a postoffice, and treated with care and tenderness by all the clerks. [Eight to ten.]

Wilderness Babies: Julia A. Schwartz. *Little.* $1.50.

Fifteen full-page illustrations make this book attractive, but the author's assumptions in describing sixteen animals are entirely Darwinian.

Wee Winkles and Wideawake: Gabrielle E. Jackson. *Harper.* $1.25.

The amusements of an amiable brother and sister are here related in a mildly instructive way with many pleasant jokes and harmless fun. [Six to ten.]

Wilful Cousin Kate: Laura T. Meade. *Lippincott.* $1.50.

A perverse girl, very troublesome in ordinary times, saves her mother's life by devoted nursing, and emerges from her consequent exhaustion charming in every way. The whole tone of the book is exaggerated.

With Spurs of Gold: Frances N. Greene and Dolly Kirk Williams. *Little.* $1.25.

Spirited and admirably written stories, including the tales of Roland and other famous knights, interspersed with carefully chosen passages of verse on the same subjects. [Eight to any age.]

Literary Chat.

"If we are not all Franciscans nowadays," says the London *Daily Chronicle* in speaking of Miss Salter's neatly published volume *Franciscan Legends in Italian Art*, "there is every evidence that the influence of the Saint amongst all manner of men is more alive than that of any other mediæval personality. And excellent it is that it should be so; for in the settlement of our problems we need some of that spirit of self-sacrifice and devotedness which marked the chief and best of the many good men of Umbria." This is a rather strange acknowledgment to come from a decidedly Protestant daily newspaper of the Anglo-Saxon type.

The publishers of encyclopædic information are vying with one another in attempts to meet the popular demand. The latest output in this direction is the "*Standard American Encyclopædia* for Home, School, and Office." It is issued in eight small octavo volumes, and in point of convenience for desk use is the most handy we have yet seen. The price too is exceptionally low (twelve dollars for the whole set), so that it commends itself on these scores to the average school teacher and student. As to the contents, it is not of course exhaustive, but we have noticed no marks of bigotry such as are commonly found in works of this nature. Professor Francis Furey, of the Philadelphia Catholic High School, is mentioned on the title-page among the principal editors, which should give indication of fair treatment for Catholic subjects. Whilst the topics treated are in the main brought up to date, the literature referred to in some cases, such as that on Socialism and other burning questions of the day, is somewhat "un-recent," and in cases where the earlier works have been disproved reference to them is hardly of any use to most readers. However, the object of a work like this, not intended for the specialist, makes such defects of comparatively small moment in what are termed "popular reference books."

There has been much agitation among the Protestant clergy in England recently over the practice of playing golf on Sundays. The Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, is a devoted user of the links, and accordingly says his prayers that way on Sundays. As a result the chairman of the Free Church Council meeting has announced a general crusade against the Premier's further tenure of office. He is not only to be dethroned, but also to be corrected, for a law is to be passed to forbid golf on Sundays, and if the amiable Premier plays after that, even in the humble capacity of a private citizen on his own ground, he is to be put in prison. So say the reports of the English papers.

Miss Hull has published a companion volume to *Pagan Ireland*, under the title of *Early Christian Ireland* (Gill & Son, Dublin). She appeals to records, and without discussing at length the position and religious beliefs of the Irish Church, shows the practical effect of its influence upon the daily life of the people. Thus within a comparatively small book she gives us a bright and instructive picture of the social life as we get glimpses of it in the stories of the early Irish Saints.

A most interesting volume for students who enjoy the fascinating literature which lies on the borderland between the classic and the devotional, is Miss Monteiro's *As David and the Sibyls say* (B. Herder). The work was initiated by the late Canon Alfred White, who had gathered a number of illustrations, texts and commentaries on the subject which are incorporated by the author for the purpose of explaining those strange prophetic allusions to Christianity that appear to have been forced from pagan lips. We have on the one hand an historic account of the twelve Sibyls, and on the other the text and brief analysis of the utterances attributed to them, and an appreciation of their value as prophecies.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. (Westminster Lectures.) By Rev. Francis Aveling, D.D. London and Edinburgh: Sands & Company; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 69. Price, paper binding, $0.15; cloth binding, $0.30.

REX MEUS. By the author of *My Queen and My Mother*. With Preface by the Right Rev. Bishop Hanlon. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. xiv—183. Price, $1.25, *net*.

THE NUN'S RULE. Being the Ancren Riwle Modernized by James Morton. With Introduction by Abbot Gasquet. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. xxiii—339. Price, $1.25, *net*.

MARY THE QUEEN. A Life of the Blessed Mother for Her Little Ones. By A Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 172. Price, $0.50.

HUMILITY OF HEART. From the Italian of Fr. Cajetan Mary Da Bergamo, Capuchin. By Herbert Cardinal Vaughan. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. xxiv—211. Price, $1.25, *net*.

PRAYER. Selections from Father Faber. By the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., editor of *Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber*, etc. London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 104. Price, $0.30, *net*.

PHILOSOPHY.

COMPARATIVE STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ANTS AND OF HIGHER ANIMALS. By the Rev. Eric Wasmann, S.J. Revised and enlarged, Fribourg and St. Louis: B. Herder; London and Edinburgh: Sands & Co. 1905. Pp. 69. Price, cloth, $0.30, *net*; paper, $0.15, *net*.

PSYCHOLOGY OF ANTS AND OF HIGHER ANIMALS. By Eric Wasmann, S.J. Authorized English version of the second German edition. Enlarged and revised by the Author. London and Edinburgh; Sands & Company; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. x—200. Price, $1.00, *net*.

ELEMENTA PHILOSOPHIAE SCHOLASTICAE. Two Volumes. Reinstadler. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Pp. Vol. I.—xxix—452; Vol. II—xvi—448.

HISTORICAL.

JULES MICHELET. Études sur sa Vie et ses Œuvres avec des fragments inédits. Michelet et l'Italie; Michelet de 1839 à 1842; Voyage en Allemagne, 1842; Le Père de Jules Michelet; Yves-Jean-Lazare Michelet; Voyage en Belgique, 1849; Michelet et George Sand. Paris, 79 Boulevard St. Germain: Hachette et Cie. 1905. Pp. 184. Prix, 3 fr., 50 c.

EARLY CHRISTIAN IRELAND. By Eleanor Hull, author of *The Cuchallin Saga in Irish Literature*, etc. Vol. II—*Epochs of Irish History*. London: David Nutt; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. 1905. Pp. xxii—283. Price, 2*s*. 6*d*.

WHO KILLED SIR EDMUND BERRY GODFREY? By Alfred Marks. With an Introduction by Father J. H. Pollen, S.J. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd.; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. xvii—210.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BUNCH OF FLOWERS. By Kathleen Don Levy. Boston: Angel Guardian Press. 1904. Pp. 96.

THE SPALDING YEAR-BOOK. Quotations from the Writings of Bishop Spalding for each Day of the Year. Selected by Minnie R. Cowan. *Helpful Thoughts Series*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1905. Pp. 169. Price, $0.75, *net*.

A HANDBOOK OF LITERARY CRITICISM. An Analysis of Literary Forms in Prose and Verse. For English Students in Advanced Schools and Colleges, and for Libraries and the general reader. By the Rev. William Henry Sheran. New York: Hinds, Noble & Eldridge. 1905. Pp. xi—578.

THE CHILDREN OF CUPA. By Mary E. Mannix, author of *As True as Gold*, *Pancha and Panchito*, etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 169. Price, $0.45.

THE LITTLE FOLKS' MANUAL. 1906. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. Pp. 84. Price, $0.10.

FOR THE WHITE ROSE. By Katharine Tynan Hinkson, author of *The Great Captain*, *The Queen's Page*, etc. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 132. Price, $0.45.

THE DOLLAR HUNT. From the French. By E. G. Martin. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 131. Price, $0.45.

THE VIOLIN MAKER. From the original of Otto von Schaching. By Sara Trainer Smith. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 156. Price, $0.45.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 309 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, Australia,—*Encyclical Letter of the late Pope Leo XIII on the Condition of Labor* (Official Translation); *Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland*, by His Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney; *Through the Furnace*. A Story. By Benjamin Hoare. Price, each, One Penny.

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